



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE B.B.C.

Vol. 1. No. 5.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

EVERY FRIDAY.

Two Pence.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMMES OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY.

For the Week Commencing
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28th.

LONDON	CARDIFF
ABERDEEN	GLASGOW
BIRMINGHAM	MANCHESTER
BOURNEMOUTH	NEWCASTLE

SPECIAL CONTENTS.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BROADCAST?
By Arthur R. Burrows, Director of Programmes.

WHEN THERE IS A BREAKDOWN.
By P. P. Eckersley, Chief Engineer of the B.B.C.

CAN WIRELESS HELP THE DEAF?

THE STORY OF "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.
Conducted by Uncle Caractacus.

WIRELESS HUMOUR.

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS.

WHAT'S IN THE AIR?

By J. C. W. REITH, General Manager of the B.B.C.

SOMEBODY, I think Victor Hugo, said that there were two privileges of the English—freedom of speech and conscience, and the prudence never to practise either.

There is a moral in the above applicable to broadcasting, with certain latitude in the interpretation, of course. Perhaps it is not clear. Probably it is as well that many of our ideas and aspirations should remain in penumbral haze.

I do not infer that we contemplate blasting forth into controversial fulminations or anything of that sort, but just that there is a power of wisdom in the old Latin tag—*festum tenet*.

There has been quite a spate of illuminating prophecy as to the future of broadcasting. The recent Government Committee was composed of men who, with one exception, perhaps, are unlikely to give extravagant forecasts or to pronounce judgment without due reflection. The future of the service, in their opinion, is of almost boundless importance and possibility.

I wonder if there are still many superior folk who see in it only a passing craze? In some lines education and enlightenment move slowly in this country.

Something of the make-up of the visionary is needed at times. Imagination is one of the most powerful assets in character. I have read that there are three classes of brain. One, in those people who, in studying a glass of water, realize that it is a fractional part of the ocean; second, those who, in sight of the ocean, remember that it is only a multiple of the glass; third, those who see no connection whatever between the two.

I am writing these notes *en route* to Aberdeen. The Forth and Tay bridges were passed in torrential rain, but now, as we come into Kin-

cardine, the prospect is clear on all sides; the distant purple rim of the Grampians, the last of the harvest stacks, the rugged black cliffs, and the wide expanse of blue sea with its "white horses" after a recent storm, and a cloudless sky.

All very peaceful and soothing. Quite a holiday cure—this half-hour.

That recent storm, incidentally, brought down all telephonic connection between SSO and TSD. This is a new terror to be faced in simultaneous broadcasting.

I don't wonder that Captain Eckersley was delighted with his first visit to Aberdeen. One may expect periodic faults in the transmission of so involved a nature as to warrant investigation by the Chief Engineer personally!

This reminds me to thank my anonymous correspondent hailing from these parts, "Ron Accord," for the white heather and the delightful letter.

Mr. Percy Scholes, the eminent musical critic, is in future to criticize not only recognized musical performances in public places, but, on his own suggestion and with our entire approval, he will direct his critical faculties on our own efforts.

His suggestion is a little alarming, but very gratifying. To be worthy of his criticism a performance must be pretty good. It is in effect a half-mark of quality. We shall have to look out!

Captain Eckersley, like the best of us, is at times subject to the visitations of melancholy. I induced one of these the other day, when he was particularly harassed, by asking him if he had heard R. L. S.'s remark on the profession of which he is an ornament.

(Continued Overleaf in column 3.)

Can Wireless Help the Deaf?

How it May Aid the Hearing. By C. A. Lewis.

I WAS surprised at being rang up on the telephone the other morning by a lady who wished to know if she could bring a deaf friend to see if wireless would have any effect on his hearing. I thought the idea was exploded.

It is now some six or seven months since one of the evening papers wrote up a very striking story on wireless and the deaf. Three incurably deaf boys together with a doctor and a newspaper reporter came and sat for about an hour in the transmitting station over at Marconi House one evening. It was one of the saddest sights I think I have ever seen. Boys, varying from ten to thirteen years of age, all bright and apparently happy, but not only deaf, but dumb as well, since they had never heard, and consequently had never been taught to speak.

Not Due to Wireless.

The newspaper next day was full of the wonderful things that wireless could do for deaf people, and for many weeks after we had many people who wished to bring their deaf friends to see if it would have any effect on them.

Some of them came and undoubtedly did hear something, others, of course, heard nothing; but the whole point is that wireless has nothing whatever to do with deaf people's hearing. A gramophone trumpet and the loud speaker are the same in essentials, i.e., they magnify sound. When wireless waves have been rectified and turned into sound waves, there is no wireless left; they are just the same as any other sound waves produced by any other method. There-

fore the whole suggestion that wireless can cure the deaf is out of the question altogether.

The cheapest and undoubtedly the best way to listen to wireless concerts is with a pair of telephones over the ears. This has the effect of sending every bit of sound received in those telephones straight into them, nothing being lost before the ear is reached. Therefore a certain number of persons who are not fundamentally deaf but only very hard of hearing, having sound waves sent straight into their ears in this way can hear better than they normally would do.

Helped by Telephones.

Many wireless experimenters are fond of saying that they heard such-and-such a station "with the telephones lying on the table." In other words the strength of the sound coming from the telephones was such that they could hear at a distance of 3 or 4 feet, or perhaps even more, so that if a partially deaf person listening within a few miles of a transmitting station with a set of sufficient strength to give loud speaking results puts in the place of a loud speaker a pair of telephones and focuses all its volume of sound straight into his ears by means of telephones, he might hear something.

There may be a hope, therefore, that persons who have to some extent allowed their sense of hearing to remain unexercised—owing to the fact that their friends have told them they would never be able to hear again—will now with a pair of telephones be once more brought back into the realm of sound, which the doctors tell us is much more important psychologically than the world of sight.

From a Humorist's Aerial.

Transmitted by "Short Circuit."

It is believed that the trade of Germany will be hampered by the further depreciation of her unit of currency.

SUPPLEMENTARY PROGRAMME— SOME DAY LONDON

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, Song: (a) "O Good Ale, Thou Art My Darling"; (b) Recitation, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

THE DOWNING STREET ORCHESTRA: (a) "Let Me Sleep"; (b) "Wait" (*Guy d'Hardelot*); (c) "Till I Wake."

NEW YORK

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, Song: (a) "Trumpet Shall Sound"; (b) "Charlie Is My Darling."

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN, Song: "Oh, What a Pal."

PARIS

M. POINCARÉ will conduct the Grand Orchestral Concert of Europe in (a) "Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart" (*Handel*); (b) "Stay, We Must Not Lose Our Senses" ("Pirates of Penzance").

BERLIN

HERR STRESEMANN, Pianoforte Solo: (a) "Entrance of the Lord Chancellor" ("Iolanthe"); (b) Selections from "Wriggletto."

MOSCOW

M.M. LENIN and TROTSKY, Comic Duet: (a) "Ah, My Pretty Brace of Fellows"; ("Il Seraglio"—*Moscow*); (b) "Trade Winds" (*Frederick Keel*).

This week we offer an interesting innovation to listeners in the form of an interview.

INTERVIEWS WITH THE GREAT.

No. 1.—THE AUTHOR OF "YES, WE HAVE NO TOMATOES."

I found the modest composer of the world-famous song at his suite of rooms in the Juggernaut Hotel in Fifth Avenue, and was immediately impressed by his virile personality.

"No," he said, in answer to my query, and there was a tinge of bitterness in his voice, "I prefer to remain anonymous for the present. I confess that I am rather disappointed at the popularity that my latest work has achieved. Great art should never become popular. Have I had hard times? I should say."

"The first products of my brain were turned down by short-sighted publishers."

These included, "No, We Have Some Potatoes," "Yes, We Have No Macaroni," and "Yes, We Have No Asparagus."

He twirled round on his piano stool and murmured, "And they think my latest is better than those. The great tomato idea came to me suddenly after I thought that I had finished my vegetable cycle. I was sitting in a restaurant humming over the 'No, We Have Some Potatoes' number, when I saw in front of me a plate of tomatoes. Inspiration came to me in a flash. In two and a half minutes my great masterpiece was written, and the music was easily supplied afterwards."

"I now propose to give to the world my great mineral cycle, commencing with a real rocker, 'Have We No Arsenic, yes—yes.'"

What's in the Air?

(Continued from the previous page.)

B. L. S. said that engineering struck him as being the most arduous form of idleness!

I often wish we could take some sort of census, not for the purposes of tracking down the so-called "pirates," but merely as a matter of interest. There are widely divergent views as to the size of the audience addressed when all stations are linked up. One million is, I find, a comparatively conservative estimate.

There is a great attraction in pioneer work: in knowing that no foot has trod this path before. We may come short of expectations, years and ours, particularly the latter, but please remember that it is virgin soil. There are no precedents by which to judge. Laws and rules are often largely based on precedent. It is better to create precedent than to be bound by it.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston's address at the dinner given by the House of Commons to "T. P." on the 25th is being broadcast. An address by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who has been so much in the public eye lately, carries an interest of its own.

I hear that Aunt Priscilla has become very popular with the kiddies. She (or should I say "he"?) has developed a most heartrending crack in her pretty (?) voice.

The Manchester Opera programme on Wednesday will reward owners of valve sets who tune in to 370 metres when Mr. Dan Godfrey is conducting Verdi's "Rigoletto." He bids fair to emulate the success of his father, Sir Dan Godfrey of Bournemouth fame.

Mr. Madoc Davies is singing for us that day. One of the songs he has selected is Blake's famous lyric, "Jerusalem," set to music by Sir Hubert Parry. Its triumphant strains will soon be as familiar to English ears as those of the National Anthem. It is a fine and uplifting piece of work, and fully deserves its great popularity.

Requests are constantly made by listeners for vocal duets of a light nature, and an attempt is being made to satisfy these insistent demands next Wednesday, when Miss Mabel Dale and Miss Nancy Bourn will give selections from their repertoire, including such popular items as "Sympathy."

Particular B.B.C. interest attaches to the Organ Recital at Westminster Cathedral on November 1st, as our own Glasgow Station Director is giving the recital. Mr. Herbert Carruthers' performance on the new organ at Westminster will be specially interesting to adherents of G.S.C., who will receive it on the simultaneous broadcast.

International reception of our concerts promises to be the normal state of future affairs, but at present it is a thrilling satisfaction to hear that 2LO has been received in the U.S.A. Imagine the joy of the earnest "radiophan," who, clapping on his 'phones, heard an English hand playing "You Tell Her—I Stutter." I wonder if he exclaimed: "Say, ho, some stutter all right, all right!"

Seriously, though, there seems no doubt about the authenticity of the report recently received that on September 15th a station closing down at 10.45, after playing this tune, was heard in Philadelphia at 7.45 (summer time). 2LO played this dance number on that date, and at that time.

Wireless in "The Tempest."

Some Apt Quotations for Listeners.

ONE would scarcely expect to find in Shakespeare apt quotations for such a modern discovery as broadcasting; but here, as in many other cases, the great dramatist will be found years ahead of his time.

We will suppose that you have been invited by a friendly enthusiast to inspect his "set" and to test its efficiency by listening.

The first thing to engage your attention will probably be: "The ever fixed pole" (*Othello*).

The owner, gazing upward with the pride of proprietorship, can remark with Prospero: "Why, that's my dainty Ariel!" (*Tempest*).

"What a Coö."

The next thing for you to notice will be the B.B.C. set itself, and you may quote in admiring tones: "What a coil is there" (*Comedy of Errors*). "Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil would not infect his reason" (*Tempest*).

Your friend modestly replies: "I am not worth this coil that's made for me" (*King John*).

Knowing your thirst for knowledge, he continues: "And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?" (*Titus Andronicus*).

You willingly assent, and after having had its function in the circuit scientifically explained, you critically examine his collection of hertzite and other crystals. After duly admiring these sparkling gems, you may ask him to demonstrate the manner in which "the current makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*).

While he tests the various connections he can aptly say: "Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand" (*Richard II.*).

"Music I' the Air."

Everything being apparently in order, you attach the 'phones and prepare to listen while the exhibitor declaims: "And those musicians that shall play to you hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence; yet straight they shall be here" (*J. Henry IV.*). "Music I' the air" (*Antony and Cleopatra*). "Music invisible, played by the picture of nobody" (*Tempest*).

After the cat's whisker has been duly adjusted, if you do not then hear quite so plainly as you should, you may offer this as a suggestion: "Go, clear thy crystals" (*Henry I.*). On an improvement being effected, you both settle yourselves comfortably for an evening's enjoyment, and the following quotations will be found eminently suitable: "Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music creep in our ears" (*Merchant of Venice*). "Music was ordained—was it not?—to refresh the mind of man after his studies" (*Taming of the Shrew*).

Absurd!

Alas! an interruption occurs, and you hear a shrill whistle emanating from some powerful valve set. You exclaim, dramatically: "A dire induction am I witness to" (*Richard II.*).

The demonstrator may then apologize to you thus: "Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land" (*Richard II.*), adding a moment later, in a threatening tone: "I'll have an action of battery against him" (*Twelfth Night*).

If the noise continues he may lose his temper and shout in a rage: "Now go, some, and pull down the Savoy"; but that would be absurd, as it was surely no fault of the B.B.C. at 2LO!

A SWEDISH broadcasting company has been established which is to be given exclusive broadcasting rights in Sweden for ten years from 1924.

A Recent Talk Broadcast from London.

The World's Most Primitive People

By FRANK FINN, B.A., F.Z.S. (Late Deputy Superintendent Indian Museum).

THE most unique and interesting experience of my life was a month's trip to the Andaman Islands to collect specimens for the Indian Museum during the '90's. The Andamans are a three days' run by steamer from Calcutta, and are used as a convict settlement, but only in the case of a few islands of the group, the majority being in an absolutely primitive state, covered with high forest, and inhabited by black negro-like pigmies, who enjoy, as they have always done under our rule, the full benefit of home rule and self-determination—so long, of course, as they do not murder ship-wrecked crews, which had been their habit for centuries.

As their idea of self-determination is to shoot everyone—they don't know, black, white, or brown, and as they use a bow big enough for Robin Hood, it is easily understood that they form a very effective deterrent to convicts trying to escape, which is just as well, as many of these convicts are very desperate characters;

and must of the officer-in-charge's servants in my time were Andamanese, as were the crew of his launch, and they were much attached to him, being, like most savages, responsive to kind and just treatment.

The seat of the Government is on Ross Island, a very pretty little place, but so small that I have often walked round it before breakfast. Here I was kindly entertained by the English residents, and the officer-in-charge was instructed to show me round and help me in my collecting. The main object of my search was the Sea-Cow or dugong, a curious creature which, as it courses its young under its flipper, gave rise to the legend of the mermaid, though it is about as ugly a beast as exists, either in the sea or out of it. The Andamanese hunt it for food, and told my friend the officer-in-charge that they could easily get some specimens.

Picruat Promises.

"How many shall we bring?" they said.

"Oh, two will do for a start," he replied; but, and to say, not even one turned up during the whole of my stay, so I had to content myself with smaller game. In spite of this regrettable tendency to make promises of the nature of picruat, the Andamanese are very nice little people, and a great deal better-mannered than many so-called civilized folk. It is true that they are pretty constantly at war, after the manner of most savages, for the tribes are very isolated, no less than eight native languages being current in the group in different islands.

I was taken to one out-of-the-way island in the launch, a day's run from Ross, and the officer-in-charge went ashore to interview the chief who lived on the left side of the creek wherein we had anchored. The introduction to this worthy had

been effected in a highly original way some time before; my guide and another Englishman had gone ashore and stood on their heads, a proceeding which so interested the local pigmies that they forbore to shoot, and came near enough to have biscuits thrown to them. These they tested, and friendly relations were established.

A Royal Figure.

Naturally, I very much objected to my companion going off alone, but he told me he would be safer so, as the chief did not know me and did not know him. However, I spent a rather anxious half-hour till he came back, saying: "It's all right—I've seen the chief and he is coming on board to dinner with us," and in due time his Highness appeared, clad in native majesty, if nothing else, but a truly royal figure among his people, for he must have been five feet high—several inches taller than any of the rest.

I came to the conclusion that but for wars, the lives of the pigmies were quite easy and comfortable.



THE ANDAMAN PIGMIES.

A group of these little people showing how they compare in stature with an average white man.

one Viceroy, Lord Mayo, was murdered by one of them. Well-behaved men are, however, allowed to marry and settle down, so that they are nearly as well off as if at liberty.

Situated, as they are, in the Bay of Bengal, the Andamans are very hot: I was there in the month of May, when the heat was at its worst. Naturally, the few white people there looked very sickly.

I used to envy the pigmies their simple costume, which in the case of the ladies was a wisp and a waistband, and in that of the men, nothing at all. Their interests are looked after by an English Civil Servant, who has to see that no one sells them drink, or interferes with them in any way; but even this officer-in-charge, as he is styled, dares not go among them where he is not known, and considerable tact is required in getting an introduction to the local chief.

Attempts at civilization proved a failure with these little people; they did not thrive away from their native forests, and many die of measles, so no attempt at education is now made; but there are always a few about the



Auntie (left alone with wireless): "I'm afraid it's no use, my dear, they don't seem to hear a word I say."

Wireless and the Fish

Experiments that Increase "Catches."

RECENT experiments have been carried out which prove that wireless can be a very good friend to the fisherman, and to the housewife who buys his fish.

A large number of fishing-trawlers have lately been fitted with wireless apparatus, the idea being that the possibility of constant communication between the owners of the vessels on shore and the skippers at sea will enable the former to give orders to have the "catches" landed at whatever ports they desire—in places where the supply of fish needs augmenting.

Stabilising Prices.

It is obvious that it is a very great advantage for the fishermen while at work to be kept informed of the exact state of the markets on land. By means of wireless, it is expected that the fish supply will be equalized and prices made stable.

Another use for wireless on fishing vessels would be to inform owners of the amount of the "catch," so that railway arrangements for transporting the fish could be made beforehand.

Experiments similar to this were made on a French trawler as far back as 1911, with very great success. Again, three years ago, some Swedish ships used wireless to obtain huge supplies. One ship was used as a research vessel to assist the rest of the fishing fleet, and in six months the value of the fish caught was nearly a quarter of a million pounds. Such spasmodic efforts have been good in their way; but more persistency is needed, and wireless should be much more widely utilised on fishing vessels than it is at present.

The recent experiments on English trawlers are a good augury for the future.

An Exciting Sunday.

A Reader's True Story.

TIME 3 p.m.—Visitors arrive specially to hear a broadcast concert on a recently erected wireless outfit.

3.5 p.m.—Everyone comfortable and armed with headphones, silence reigns—but, alas! through the headphones also.

3.7 p.m.—Anxious host arises and tinkers with the crystal with great ceremony and a professional touch.

3.10 p.m.—"Yes, we have no music to-day." Still unchastised, he hastily leaves the room, goes into the garden, despite the downpour of rain, and examines the aerial minutely.

3.20 p.m.—Host showing evident signs of what is commonly known as "the wind up."

3.25 p.m.—As a last resource, he carefully scrutinizes the earth-wire affixed to the water-pipe and feels he must act. Glorious inspiration! Ah! the earth-wire needs water! Forthwith, he saturates the water-tap and earth-wire attached. How simple.

3.30.—Returns to visitors, delighted with the scene that awaits him. Everyone happy, listening to the delightful organ recital which is in progress. He is warmly congratulated on his detection of the fault, and he proudly exclaims: "Wonderful thing this wireless when one understands it. Why, you know, all that was really necessary was the earth-wire needed water."

3.45 p.m.—First item of programme concludes. Announcer of B.B.C. conveys his apologies to listeners for thirty minutes' delay in commencing concert.

Collapse of host.

Wireless Wisdom.

Tit-Bits from the Talks.

"PATCHWORK proposals settle nothing."—W. REES JEFFREYS.

"DECORATIONS are like married couples; they should be young together and grow old side by side."—CHERRY, LADY POYNTER.

"SELFISHNESS has always a bad end."—REV. T. PHILLIPS.

"NATURE always tries to do the best that is possible for all of us."—E. KAY ROBINSON.

"FOR good or ill the Press is one of the most important factors of modern life."—JOHN STRACHEY.

"ALL life, all work is a struggle between man and Nature."—F. BLIGH BOND, F.R.I.B.A.

"THERE is no difference between preaching sermons and getting drunk if you do it with the wrong motive."—REV. T. PHILLIPS, B.A.

"FEAR . . . rules the life of the world."—THE RT. REV. THE BISHOP SUFFRAGAN of Kingston-on-Thames.

"MANY people are inclined to say that you are no sportsman because you get depressed."—REV. F. N. L. FORD.

"ARCHITECTURE, when truly understood, is the great Diary of the Human Race."—F. BLIGH BOND, F.R.I.B.A.

Listen and Laugh.

Stories Told By Wireless.

WHY HE WANTED ONE.

A CANVASSER who was selling tickets for a raffle, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to a charitable object, was asked by an intending purchaser, a rough old Yorkshire butcher, what the prize would be.

The canvasser replied that the lucky winner would receive the value of £8 8s. in the shape of an encyclopaedia.

"Oh," said the old man, "I must have one of those tickets for my son. He's a great cyclist."

NOT HAVING ANY.

A LITTLE chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders, alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum: "No country for me!"

"But why not?" someone asked, finally.

"Because," he responded, "they have thrashin' machines down there, an' it's bad enough here where it's done by hand."

NOT ALARMED.

"BUT," said the returned explorer, "although I seemed to be hopelessly lost and there was not the slightest sign of a trail, I was not the least alarmed, for at that moment some nomadic Kurds rode into my camp."

"Why were you not alarmed?" asked a listener.

"I knew the Kurds would show me the way."

WORTH SEEING!

MR. SWANKLEY had been a great traveller and couldn't keep quiet about it. Everything reminded him of something else that took place somewhere else. His friend Martin was admiring a beautiful sunset one evening.

"Ah," said Swankley, "you should just see the sunsets in the East!"

"I should like to," said Martin. "The sun always sets in the west in this ordinary old country."

HE HAD HEARD.

THE old farmer had been to market, had got good prices for his cattle, and feeling lousy, bought several yards of cloth. Unfortunately on the way home he lost his purchase. Much annoyed at his carelessness, his wife told the vicar.

A week or so later the vicar met the good man and hailed him with the question:—

"By the way, Mr. Green, have you heard anything about your cloth?"

"Morning, noon, and night!" said the farmer.

QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

JONES's wife had just returned from a stay in the country and met her husband at the station.

"How did you get along when I was away, Horace?" she inquired.

"Well, dear," he replied, "I kept house for ten days, and then went into lodgings."

"Lodgings! Why didn't you go on keeping house?"

"I couldn't—all the dishes were dirty!"

GIVING NOTHING AWAY.

"How is it," demanded the magistrate, "that you managed to take this man's watch from his waistcoat pocket when it was secured by a patent safety chain?"

"My fee, yer worship," replied the prisoner, with dignity, "is thirty shillin' fer the full course of six lessons."

A Stroll that Led to Fame.

The Romance of "Sally in Our Alley."

AMONG the "one poem-poets" of our literary annals, Henry Carey may be put almost at the top of the class. There are others who run him close, particularly the Irish parson who wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and the poor wanderer on the face of the earth, who had never known its joys, who penned "Home, Sweet Home." It is not that Carey was not a prolific writer. The very titles of his burlesques, farces, plays, poems, songs, would fill half a column of this paper, yet only one song of all this mass has lived throughout the 180 years since he died a tragic death—as some think, by his own hand, although that statement was never substantiated, and posterity, which loves his great and immortal song, ought to give him the benefit of the doubt.

The one song by which Henry Carey acquires immortality is the famous "Sally in Our Alley," a song which has been sung some millions of times since it was written, and, it is safe to

event is not known; the cause of the second will never now be proved, but it is practically certain that he was the natural son of George Savile, the famous orator and statesman of the Restoration, who lived to see William of Orange on the throne, and who is better known as the Marquis of Halifax. It goes without saying that Carey was a man who only knew "alleys" from the outside, and "Sallys"—who in those days corresponded to the more modern "Arriets"—from the point of view of a man about town.

And what a different town it was! A couple of hundred years is not really a long time historically considered, yet Sally and her beau, and Henry Carey who followed them, for a bit of sport, one Sunday, to the fair in Moorfields, and later to the Farthing Pie House, lived in a London which would never be recognized by its modern inhabitants.

'Prentice Riots.

The streets were narrow, and either unpaved or paved with cobble stones, and the upper stories of the houses and shops projected so that people could almost shake hands across the street. Off these main streets ran numerous "alleys," the denser remnants of which may still be seen, especially in Fleet Street on its northern side.

A great feature of Fleet Street and Cheapside and St. Paul's Churchyard in those days was the 'Prentice Lads. Every tradesman had his little posse of "'prentices," and a very lively lot they were. 'Prentices' riots were common. Occasionally, they would fight among themselves; but oftener make common cause against the rest of the town.

It was just such a 'prentice who was Sally's sweetheart. She lived in one of the little alleys off the "Cheep," immediately adjacent to his shop on the front street. Possibly the back door opened into it. She was not quite his social equal, because he was regularly apprenticed to a respectable shoemaker, with whom he lived, whereas, her parents were hawkers. But what she lacked in position she amply made up for in beauty.

One Sunday Carey was strolling down Cheapside, when he observed a handsome, well-built youth pop furtively out of Bow Church, in the midst of sermon time, look up and down the street, and then take to his heels and disappear up one of the numerous alleys which opened off the main thoroughfare. He was "intrigued," as we say nowadays, and followed in the eager youth's wake, only to see him emerge with the prettiest of pretty girls.

Spying on the Lovers.

Having nothing better to do, Carey, in his embroidered coat, laced waistcoat, brilliant-buckled shoes, gold-locked stockings, perfumed wig, and feathered hat, followed the couple, and saw how they spent their day—a lad and lass with lots of love in their hearts and very little money in their pockets. This is based upon his own confession, that, unknown to the pair, he "dogged them" during the whole day and sympathetically observed all their doings.

London roared with laughter at the idea of a poet of Carey's class making a song of such a subject, and he was so sincere at, as the "alley poet," that he vowed never to write another line, a vow he did not keep. On the contrary, he lived to see his song make its way into Society, and even to hear it sung at Court.

("Sally in Our Alley" will be sung from the London Station on Sunday afternoon October 28th.)

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she makes laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

say, by almost every famous singer. The tune originally set to these wonderful words, which have so appealed to the hearts of English folk especially, was written by Carey himself, who, besides being a poet and playwright, was an accomplished musician; but the tune now so familiar, and to which the song has long been exclusively sung, was borrowed from a still earlier song, called "The Country Lass," the words of which have long passed into oblivion.

We are apt to account for the world-wide popularity of the songs of Burns by the fact that he was himself a son of the soil, one who wrote out of his own experiences the joys and sorrows, the loves and losses, the hopes and fears of the poor; but it is not necessary to be a dog to write about dogs, or even a costermonger to write about Covent Garden, and genius can soar or sink with equal ease, and "the short and simple annals of the poor" have often been most sympathetically presented by men who have never known privation.

That was the case with Carey. There is, strangely enough, mystery enshrouding both his birth and his death. The year of the first

PEOPLE IN THE PROGRAMMES. GOSSIP ABOUT ARTISTES & OTHERS.

Naturally.



Miss Marjorie CLARE.

MISS MARJORIE CLARE, the entertainer and pianist, is to broadcast again from London Station next month. Miss Clare, who specialises in "Puccini" songs, is well known in the North of England concert world, and she has the reputation of always seeing the bright side of things. Indeed, it is said of her that "she always has a joke ready, even when the station

does have a breakdown!"

"I was once engaged by a foreign musical director," says Miss Clare, "and after a few minutes' conversation he remarked: 'You are Irish, I think!'"

"No," I replied, "I am not Irish: I'm Lancashire."

"Oh, well," exclaimed the foreign gentleman, "I know you was something."

3,500 Animal Talks!

A **NOTABLE** feature of the "Children's Hour" at Manchester is the series of "Animal Talks" given by Mr. Edward J. Whitnall, B.Sc. These are intended for the older boys and girls, and are given every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at about 11 p.m.

In these "talks" Mr. Whitnall's object is not to present little tit-bits of knowledge, but rather to give a continuous series of talks with the idea of presenting the exact science of zoology in a manner that can be readily grasped by the child mind.

"Simon Edward," as Mr. Whitnall is affectionately known, was already popular with the children of the Manchester district before he came to 2ZY, because during the last four years he has given no fewer than 3,500 similar animal talks to the classes of school children who regularly visit the Manchester University Museum.

She Collapsed!



MR. SETH LANCASTER.

A **PROPOS** quaint remark by members of the audience, Mr. Seth Lancaster, the well-known 'cellist', tells the following: After playing a long sonata of about half an hour's duration, an old lady came up to him and said, "Thank you so much! You do play so nicely, and I am looking forward to hearing you play the 'Hinkum Sonata'."

"Thanks," replied Mr. Lancaster, "I've just played it!"

He was Serious.

A **NOTHER** of Mr. Lancaster's favourite stories concerns a member of the audience who had dined "not wisely, but too well." This gentleman approached Mr. Lancaster and asked him to play the "Hallelujah Chorus." The 'cellist' replied that this was not quite suitable for the 'cello.

"Well," persisted the other, "have you got 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair'?"

"I'm sorry," answered Mr. Lancaster, "but I haven't got that."

"Well, what on earth have you got?" asked his questioner, intently.

"If you want to know, I've got the 'pip'!"

"Good!" exclaimed the bore, seriously, "then play us that!"

A Comedy of Errors.

THE novelist and playwright, Mr. George Woden, tells of an amusing experience he had with the Broadcasting Company when he spoke at the Birmingham Temporary Station at the General Electric Company's works.

"I had to find Electric Avenue," he says, "and I pictured to myself a gay boulevard, resplendent with lights. I looked up at the night clouds for their reflection. On and on I wandered through a public-house-strewn suburb, and out until I lost myself in a desert of waste land. There I disturbed a pair of lovers, and learned that I was in Electric Avenue, and that if I went on and on—and on—"

"I was incredulous, but hopeful again. And, sure enough, I found the General Electric Company's works, with the aerial above the roof."

Found at Last.

I **ONLY** had to walk in. So in I went, by the first door, stumbling in the dark, through offices that opened into corridors, and corridors that opened into offices, until at last I staggered along to a final door, pushed it open, and found myself outside again.

"I wandered farther until I found a workshop, and a kindly mechanic directed me to a door where I should find a man to guide me. Away I hurried. The man was not there. But I discovered his supper, and, hoping to find a trail of crumbs to follow, I dashed along another mile of corridors, saw a light, and collapsed—almost—into the arms of Mr. Casey, the assistant director."

A Man of Many Parts.



MR. JOHN HENRY.

MR. JOHN HENRY, whose dialect stories are so deservedly popular, has had a most varied and versatile career.

"I have done practically everything," he says, "from principal comedian on the No. 1 balls and theatres down to being stranded in the wilds of Cornwall on a 'sit-up' tour. I have also been reporter, editor, teacher, secretary, purser, and traveller."

He has travelled over half the world, and speaks French, Italian, and German fluently—"besides," he adds, whimsically, "Yorkshire, which I consider the most expensive."

The Prince's Request.

"DURING the latter part of the War," says Mr. Henry, "I was with my Divisional Concert Party, and we showed at the Stadt Theatre, at Bonn, Germany, and were honoured by a visit from the Prince of Wales, who was at that time attached to the Canadian. During the interval he came round to our dressing-rooms and had quite a long talk with us, much to the astonishment of the German stage-hands, who afterwards gave me a very realistic idea of what would have happened if their Crown Prince had made such a visit."

"After the show the Prince was dining in the General's Mess, and our orchestra was playing during and after dinner, and I, with two others, was helping to entertain. Our W.O. in charge of the orchestra was a very classical musician, and, greatly to his amazement, the Prince asked him to give 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'Give Me the Moonlight,' two numbers from our show, and also asked me to repeat my number, 'The Private Soldier.' I won't give you the conductor's remarks, but they were scarcely loyal!"

Newfoundland's Premier.



MR. W. R. WARREN.

GREAT interest has been aroused by the announcement that the Hon. W. R. Warren, Prime Minister of Newfoundland, is to speak at the London Station on October 31st. His speech will be broadcast simultaneously all over the country.

Mr. Warren has had a distinguished legal and political career, having been Minister of Justice and Attorney-General of Newfoundland, and M.P. for more than one constituency in his own country. From 1909 to 1913 he was Speaker of the House of Assembly, and he represented the House at the Coronation of King George in 1911.

In spite of his heavy public duties Mr. Warren has found time to perfect himself in various forms of sport, being particularly fond of golf, curling, and salmon fishing.

A Very Big "Flute."

FEW of the younger generation of violinists have been as successful as has Mr. Elie Spivak, who is noted for his remarkable execution. Although only twenty-one years old, he has already achieved great prominence, and he has played at many concerts in Paris, where he studied, and has also appeared at the Wigmore Hall, London.

Mr. Spivak narrates an amusing experience he once had when travelling by train with a friend of his, a 'cellist'. Arrived at a little country station, the ticket collector looked very suspiciously at the 'cello Mr. Spivak's friend was carrying.

"I'm afraid, sir," he said, "that you'll have to pay for this 'cello'."

Mr. Spivak's friend pretended to be very surprised.

"Nonsense, my good man," he exclaimed, "this is no 'cello! It's a flute."

"Oh, really, sir," cried the collector, touching his cap. "I beg your pardon. You can pass. The rule is that only 'cellos have to pay!"

Insult to Injury.



MISS BELLA REDFORD.

MISS BELLA REDFORD, who broadcasts from Manchester, was originally intended for a pianist, but it was soon realized that she possessed a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, and therefore she determined to become a singer, with what excellent results listeners are well aware.

"A little while ago," says Miss Redford, "I had a singular experience. At a concert at which I was engaged to sing the accompanist did not turn up, and so at the last minute the management engaged another man who was, unfortunately, very nervous."

"All went well until my last song, when after I had sung the first two bars, the new man had an attack of nerves and played such discord that I felt the best thing for me to do would be to stop singing and let him finish his unique performance. Imagine my feelings!"

"But, to add insult to injury, a kind old lady came up to me afterwards and asked, sweetly, 'Are you better?'"

WIRELESS PROGRAMME—SUNDAY (Oct. 28th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in Italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

- 3.0.—BAND OF HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL AIR FORCE (by permission of the Air Council, Director of Music: FLIGHT LIEUT. J. AMERS. Marche Slave (Tchaikovsky); Selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Puccini). MISS EDITH LAKE, Solo Cello: Arioso (Handel); Gavotte (Gounod); Minuet (P. Bach). MR. OSMOND DAVIS, Tenor: "Irish Peasant Love Song" (Gerard H. Jones); "Idyll" (Gerard Williams); "Sally in Our Alley" (Carey). BAND OF H.M. ROYAL AIR FORCE: Capriccio Espagnol (Rimsky-Korsakov); Suite, "Casse Noisette" (Tchaikovsky); Norwegian Dances, Nos. 2 and 3 (Grieg). MISS EDITH LAKE, Solo Cello: Air (Mozart); Herbstlied (Popper). MR. OSMOND DAVIS, Tenor: "We Poor Mariners" (Arr. by Roger Quilter); "The Bold Unfiddable Child" (Stanford). BAND OF H.M. ROYAL AIR FORCE: Marche from "As You Like It" (Edvard Grieg). 1. Woodland Dance. 2. Children's Dance. 3. Rustic Dance. Dance Interlude "Moresque" (Erik Satie); Tangled Tunes (Ketelby); March, "The Spirit of Pageantry" (Fletcher). 5.0.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: C. A. Lewis.

SUNDAY EVENING.

- 8.30.—2LO LIGHT ORCHESTRA: Overture "La Princesse Jauno" (Saint-Saens); Entr'acte, "Bells Across the Meadows" (Ketelby); "Chanson Napolitaine" (d'Ambronio). MR. NORMAN DREW, Bass: "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness" ("Queen of Sheba") (Gounod), accompanied by ORCHESTRA: "Bois Epais" (Lully); Anthem, "Lead Kindly Light" (Pughe Evans), HACKNEY CHORAL SOCIETY. 9.0.—RELIGIOUS ADDRESS: REV. CANON THE HON. EDWARD LYTTELTON, M.A., D.D., late Head Master of Eton. Hymn, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," HACKNEY CHORAL SOCIETY. ORCHESTRA: Entr'acte, "Au Moulin" (Gillet); Notturmo (Grieg). MR. NORMAN DREW, Bass: "I Triumph! I Triumph!" (Carissimi); "The Ed King" (Schubert). ORCHESTRA: Music to the Wordless Play, "L'Enfant Prodigue" (Wormser). 10.0.—TIME SIGNAL GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST TO ALL STATIONS. 10.10.—Local News and Weather Report. ORCHESTRA: Entr'acte, "To a Wild Rose" (MacLennan); "Ma Blonde Aimee" (Velpote). 10.20.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: A. R. Burrows.

BIRMINGHAM.

- 3.0-5.0.—CONCERT. S.B. from London. 8.30.—STATION ORCHESTRA: March, "Militaire" (Schubert); Overture, "L'Improbable"

(Mozart). MISS MABEL SENIOR (of the Station Repertory Company). Soprano: "Damon" (Stange); "Here in the Quiet Hills" (Curry).

8.50.—REV. G. H. MOORE (Chaplain to the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham), "HOSPITAL SUNDAY." Hymn, "At Even, E'er the Sun was Set" (A. and M., No. 29).

9.0.—STATION ORCHESTRA: Selection, "L'Enfant Prodigue" (Wormser). MISS MABEL SENIOR, Soprano: "Evening Pastoral" (Roe); "The Loreley" (List). STATION ORCHESTRA: Violin Solo, "Ave Maria" (Gounod), played by MR. RALPH TOWELL; Suite, "Summer Days" (Coates).

10.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London. Local News and Weather Report.

CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: J. Lewis.

BOURNEMOUTH.

- 3.0-5.0.—CONCERT. S.B. from London. 8.30.—STRING QUARTETTE. 8.45.—RELIGIOUS ADDRESS. 9.0.—MADAME MABEL HARDING (Contralto); R. S. MOUAT (Violin Solo); "Cello Solo: MME. MABEL HARDING; R. S. MOUAT: STRING QUARTETTE. 10.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London. 10.10.—Local News and Weather Forecast. 10.13.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: Bertram Fryer.

CARDIFF.

- 3.0-5.0.—CONCERT. S.B. from London. 8.15.—HYMN, "Father and Friend" (Jane Margoulis); ANTHEM, "Lord, in Thy Rage Rebuke us not" (Wm. Byrd, 16th century). CATHEDRAL ROAD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH CHOIR. REV. F. W. COLE (Cathedral Road Presbyterian Church), RELIGIOUS ADDRESS. HYMN, "Saviour, I Follow on" (Liverpool). 8.45. RHAPSODY NIGHT: Vocalist, MADAME ADELINE WATKINS; Conductor, MR. A. CORBETT SMITH. INTRODUCTORY CHAT, "Dream Children" (Elgar). Songs, with Orchestra: "Sea Pic-

ture" (Elgar); (a) "In Haven"; (b) "Sabbath Morning at Sea"; English Rhapsody, "A Shropshire Lad" (Dunsterworth); Overture, "Cockaigne" ("In London Town") (Elgar).

9.50.—The "Princess's Song" and Closing Scene from the Opera "Elizabeth," ASTON TYRROLD (conducted by the Composer); "A Welsh Rhapsody" (Edvard Grieg).

10.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London.

10.15.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: A. Corbett Smith.

MANCHESTER.

- 3.5.—CONCERT. S.B. from London. 8.30.—CONCERT BY STEPHENS MILITARY BAND (Conductor, MR. R. C. STEPHENS): Overture, "Marianella" (Fuchs); Phoenician Air from "Herodias" (Massenet); Romance, "Ecoutez Moi" (Piaf). Solo Saxophone, MR. WALTER MALLANDAME. 9.0.—HYMN, followed by REV. PRINCIPAL BREWIS, B.A., B.D., United Methodist College: RELIGIOUS ADDRESS. 9.10.—SACRED SONG, "Abide With Me" (Liddle); Solo Cornet, MR. F. STEPHENS; Suite, "Coppelia" (Delibes); Grand Selection, "Nadieu" (Verdi); "Love Song" (Klay). 10.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London. 10.10.—Local News and Weather Report. 10.20.—HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY No. 6 (Liszt). 10.45.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: Victor Friehe.

NEWCASTLE.

- 3.0-5.0.—CONCERT. S.B. from London. 8.30.—THE DURHAM ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH CHOIR, GATESHEAD. MR. J. HARVEY and MR. T. H. MEARIS: Pinnoforte Duet, "Adagio and Allegro" Symphony No. 2 (Haydn). 8.40.—CHOIR, "Now Thank we all our God." 8.45.—THE REV. T. H. KIRKMAN: RELIGIOUS ADDRESS. 9.0.—CHOIR, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" (Hallingside-Dykes); "Whoso Dwelleth under the Defence" (Martin). Soloist, MR. W. CLARKE. 9.20.—MISS ISA JACKSON: (a) "Roaming" (Clarke); (b) "Arise, O Sun" (Day). 9.50.—QUARTETTE, MISS F. JOHNSON, MISS MABEL SHEPHERD, MR. G. SHEPHERD, and MR. R. HOUNAM: "God is a Spirit." 9.40.—CHOIR, "O Worship the Lord" (Hollins). Soloist, MISS F. JOHNSON. 10.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London. 10.10.—Local News and Weather Forecast. 10.15.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: C. K. Parsons.

WAVE-LENGTHS AND CALL SIGNS.

LONDON (2LO)	-	363 Metres
ABERDEEN (2BD)	-	495 "
BIRMINGHAM (5IT)	-	420 "
BOURNEMOUTH (6BM)	-	385 "
CARDIFF (5WA)	-	353 "
GLASGOW (5SC)	-	415 "
MANCHESTER (2ZY)	-	370 "
NEWCASTLE (5NO)	-	400 "

WIRELESS PROGRAMME—MONDAY (Oct. 29th.)

LONDON.

11.30-12.30.—CONCERT: MR. F. RUSSELL, Solo Violin.

5.0.—WOMEN'S HOUR: Ariel's Society Gossip. Mrs. C. E. Peel's Domestic Conversation.

5.10.—CHILDREN'S STORIES: "Sabo and Miss Velvet" by E. W. LEWIS. "Jack Hardy," Chap. 7, Pt. 1, by HERBERT STRANO.

6.15-7.0.—INTERVAL.

7.0.—TIME SIGNAL. FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all stations.*

7.10.—WEEKLY BOOK TALK by MR. JOHN STRACHEY, the D.R.C. Literary Critic. *S.B. to all stations.*

7.25.—Local News and Weather Report.

7.35.—SYMPHONY PROGRAMME by the LONDON WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, Augmented. Conducted by MR. L. STANTON-JEFFERIES. Overture, "The Master-singers" (Wagner); Pantomime Music, "Hansel and Gretel" (Humperdack). CONCERTO No. 2 (in C minor) (Rachmaninoff), Solo Pianoforte: MISS CECIL DIXON. SCOTCH SYMPHONY (Mendelssohn). WELSH RHAPSODY (German).

9.10.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all stations.* Weather Report.

9.30.—SPEECH BY THE MARQUESS CURZON, K.G., etc., on the Occasion of the Complimentary Dinner to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. (Father of the House of Commons), at the Savoy Hotel, London. The Marquess Curzon will also unveil a Bust of Abraham Lincoln. *S.B. to all stations.*

10.0.—MISS CECIL DIXON, Solo Pianoforte: "Traumerei" (Strauss); "Valse Brillante" (Chopin). THE ORCHESTRA: Ballet Music, "Romeo and Juliet" (Schubert); March Heroique "Sinfonia Sacra".

10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: R. E. Palmer.

BIRMINGHAM.

3.30-4.30.—MR. JOSEPH LEWIS (Musical Director of the Station) will give a PLAYER PIANO RECITAL of Sonatas by Beethoven.

5.0.—LADIES' CORNER.

5.30.—KIDDIES' CORNER.

6.15.—BOYS' LIFE BRIGADE and Boys' Brigade Notes.

6.25-7.0.—INTERVAL.

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

7.10.—MR. JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*

7.25.—MIDLAND NEWS. Local Weather Report.

7.35.—SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

9.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.30.—THE MARQUESS CURZON. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—Continuation of SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.

BOURNEMOUTH.

3.15.—CONCERT: MISS MARJORIE SCOON, Soprano, MR. EDWARD HILL, and the REPRODUCING PIANO.

4.45.—WOMEN'S HOUR.

5.15.—CHILDREN'S HOUR.

6.0.—BOYS' BRIGADE and Boys' Life Brigade Bulletins.

6.15.—SCHOLARS' HALF-HOUR.

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

7.10.—MR. JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*

7.25.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.35.—SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

9.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.30.—THE MARQUESS CURZON. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

10.35.—CLOSE DOWN.

GARDIFF.

3.30.—FALKMAN and his Orchestra: CAPT. TOL CINEMA.

4.30-5.0.—INTERVAL.

5.0.—WOMEN'S HOUR.

5.30.—WEATHER FORECAST. CHILDREN'S STORIES. Boys' Life Brigade and Boys' Brigade Bulletins.

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

7.10.—MR. JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*

7.25.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.35.—SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

9.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.30.—THE MARQUESS CURZON. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—Continuation of SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.

MANCHESTER.

3.30.—CONCERT: ZZY TRIO and MISS CARRIE HILL, Vocalist.

4.30-5.0.—INTERVAL.

The Scottish Stations.

The Programmes of the week's transmissions from the Aberdeen and Glasgow Stations will be found on Pages 161 and 159.

5.0.—MAINLY FEMININE.

5.25.—FARMERS' WEATHER REPORT.

5.30.—CHILDREN'S HOUR.

6.35.—BOYS' BRIGADE and Boys' Life Brigade Bulletins.

6.45.—SPANISH TALK by MR. W. F. BLETCHER, Examiner in Spanish to the Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes.

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

7.10.—MR. JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*

7.25.—Local News and Weather Report.

7.35.—SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

9.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.20.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.30.—THE MARQUESS CURZON. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—Continuation of SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

10.30.—ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.35.—CLOSE DOWN.

NEWCASTLE.

1.15.—MISS FLORENCE FARRAR. Pianoforte Solos: (a) "Two Caprices" (Ballet); (b) "Valse des Fleurs" (Kettner).

4.0.—MISS ALICE NICHOLSON, Soprano: (a) "If I Were Sure" (Dunlop); (b) "Angus Macdonald" (Roche).

4.10.—REPRODUCING PIANO: "Rhapsodie 11 and 12" (Liszt).

4.20.—MISS ALICE NICHOLSON: (a) "Sunshine and Rain" (Blumenthal); (b) "Hills of Danegul" (Sanderson).

4.30.—MISS FLORENCE FARRAR: "Scenes from Lorraine" (Chambliss).

4.45.—WOMEN'S HOUR.

5.15.—CHILDREN'S HOUR: Stories, etc., by Uncle Jim, Uncle Charles, and Uncle Richard.

6.0.—SCHOLARS' HALF-HOUR: Talk on "Stories of the Nations," MR. A. W. DAKERS.

6.30.—Boys' Brigade News.

6.45.—FARMERS' CORNER.

6.55-7.0.—INTERVAL.

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

7.10.—MR. JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*

7.25.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.35.—SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

9.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.30.—THE MARQUESS CURZON. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—Continuation of SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*

10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: R. C. Pratt.

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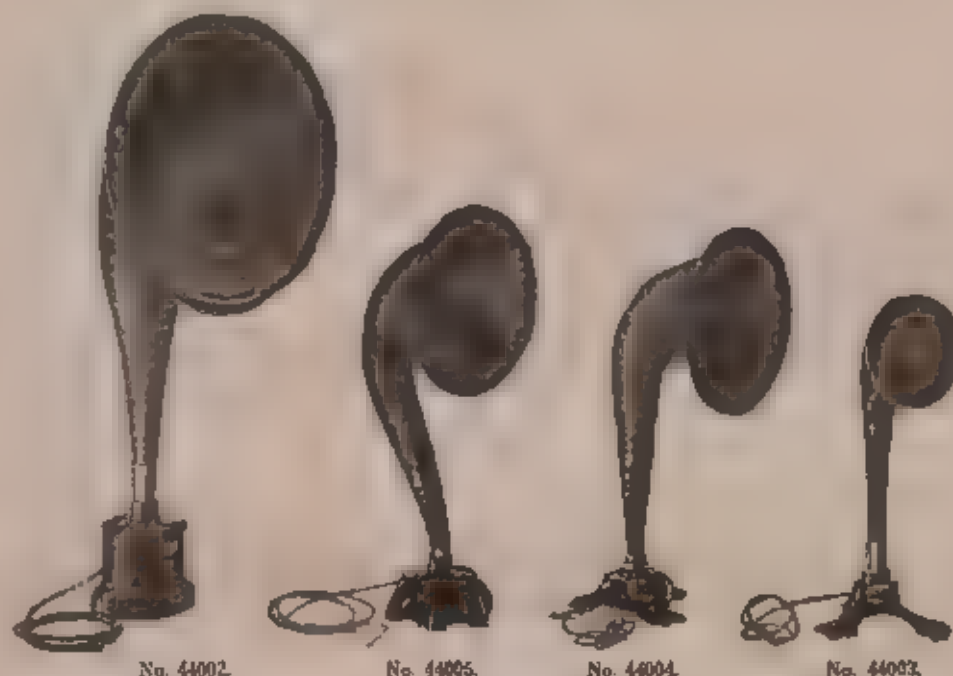


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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—WEDNESDAY (Oct. 31st.)

LONDON.

11.30-12.30.—CONCERT Mr. Geoffrey Comyns, Organist.

5.0.—WOMEN'S HOUR. Household Talk by MISS F. MARIE IMANDT. Orchestra Beauty Culture by MADAME DISTI.

6.30.—CHILDREN'S STORIES. Uncle F.F. The Orchestra. "Widder about London in the Tower," by MISS VIOLET MATHIE.

9.0.—INTERVAL.

9.0.—TIME SIGNAL AND FIRST GEN. RAY NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. to all stations.

7.10. MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON, the B.C. Dramatic Critic. News and Views of the Theatre. S.B. to all stations.

7.25. Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.45. ORCHESTRA: March, "Pomp and Circumstance," No. 4 (Elgar), Overture, "Overture" (Wagner), Valse, "John Brothers" (Liszt), MISS MARCIA BOURN AND MISS NANCY DALE. Vocal Duets, MISS MAUD COOPER. Elton and ORCHESTRA Selection, "Tom Jones" (German), MISS GWENDOLINE BRADDICK, Solo Pianoforte, Fantasia Impromptu (Chopin), Variations in A (Paderewski), ORCHESTRA MISS MAUD COOPER, "Dreams are Best" (Serence), "The Usual Way" (Heather), MISS MARCIA BOURN AND MISS NANCY DALE. Vocal Duets.

9.0.—THE RT. HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SMITH WARREN, K.C. PRIME MINISTER OF NEWFOUNDLAND, "Newfoundland."

9.30. TIME SIGNAL, SECOND GEN. RAY NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. to all stations.

9.40.—London News and Weather Report.

9.45. ORCHESTRA: Suite No. 1, "The Two Pigeons" (Manniger), (1) Entrée des Tziganes; (2) Scene; (3) Theme and Variations. MISS GWENDOLINE BRADDICK, "Gnomes Dance" (Grieg), "Butterflies" (Grieg), ORCHESTRA, "La Colombe" (Gounod), "Three Dances from Bahia America" (Finck).

10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: G. C. Beattie.

BIRMINGHAM.

1.30.—MR. PAUL RIMMER'S ORCHESTRA, playing at Lozells Picture House.

4.30-5.0.—INTERVAL.

5.0. LADIES' CORNER.

5.30. KIDDIES' CORNER.

6.15-7.0.—INTERVAL.

7.0. NEWS, S.B. from London.

7.10. MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON, S.B. from London.

7.25. Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.40.—MR. PAUL RIMMER'S ORCHESTRA, playing at Lozells Picture House.

8.15-8.45.—INTERVAL.

8.45. LIEUTENANT ARTHUR E. SPRY, of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society on "The Battle of Carrara."

9.0. THE STATION REPERTORY CHORUS, under the Direction of MR. JOSEPH LEWIS. Vocal Items.

9.10.—PRIME MINISTER OF NEWFOUNDLAND. S.B. from London.

9.30.—NEWS, S.B. from London.

9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.45.—MR. SIDNEY ROGERS, F.R.S.

"Topical Horticultural Hints."

10.0. MR. SIDNEY GREW: Recital and Exposition of the Works of Chopin.

10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: J. Lewis.

SCOTTISH.

1.45.—CONCERT. Pianoforte and Cello Solos.

1.45. WOMEN'S HOUR.

5.15.—CHILDREN'S HOUR.

6.15. SCHOLARS' HALF HOUR.

7.0.—INTERVAL.

7.0. NEWS, S.B. from London.

7.10. MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON, S.B. from London.

7.25. Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.40-8.0.—INTERVAL.

8.0.—CONCERT BY THE BOLTON MOUTH WIRELESS ORCHESTRA. MISS NORA READ, Soprano, JOHN SCOTT, Tenor, MR. W. BYRNE, Solo Xylophone.

9.10.—PRIME MINISTER OF NEWFOUNDLAND. S.B. from London.

9.30.—NEWS, S.B. from London.

9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.45.—CONTINUATION OF CONCERT.

10.15.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: Bertram Fraser.

DUBLIN.

1.30. FALKMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Capitol Cinema, Carib.

4.30-5.0.—INTERVAL.

5.0. WOMEN'S HOUR.

5.30.—Weather Forecast. Children's Stories.

7.0. NEWS, S.B. from London.

7.10.—MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON, S.B. from London.

7.25. Local News.

7.30. POPULAR NIGHT. Artist MR. PERCY HOLT, Tenor. THE TWO TREES, Entertainers, THE ORCHESTRA. Mar "Spirit of Pagentry" (Fletcher), Farce, "Ko-Sa-Ko" (Chapman), Two Songs, MR. PERCY HOLT, Overture, "King's Law" (Toll), Two Songs, MR. PERCY HOLT, Suite, "Spanish Suite" (Leopold), THE TWO TREES in Humorous Sketches.

8.35. DR. JAS. J. SIMPSON, M.A., D.Sc., on "Mumps."

8.45.—TWO SONGS. MR. PERCY HOLT. Selection, "Duchess of Daring" (Coryell), THE TWO TREES in Humorous Sketches. Selection, "Swedish Songs" (arr. Baynes).

9.10.—PRIME MINISTER OF NEWFOUNDLAND. S.B. from London.

9.30.—NEWS, S.B. from London.

9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.45.—Station Chat.

9.50.—DANCE MUSIC.

10.15.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: L. B. Page.

MANCHESTER.

3.30-4.20.—CONCERT FROM PICCADILLY PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA.

5.0.—MAINLY FEMININE.

5.25.—Furness Weather Forecast.

5.30.—CHILDREN'S HOUR.

6.30.—ORGAN RECITAL FROM THE PICCADILLY PICTURE HOUSE. Organist, MR. J. ARMITAGE, F.R.C.O.

7.0.—NEWS, S.B. from London.

7.10. MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON, S.B. from London.

7.25. Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.45.—22Y OPERATIC COMPANY IN VARIOUS ACTS. Vocal Solos.

Orchestra (Conductor DAN GODFREY), MR. A. RAM, Soprano, F. FRISTLETHWAITE, Tenor, W. FRED HINDLE, Montrose and Soprano.

H. RUDDOCK, Soprano, J. REID, Madalena, RACHEL HUNT, Gilda, MADE TAYLOR, 22Y OPERATIC CHORUS.

Chorus Master, SAM WHITAKER, Lecturer, MISS S. BARTZ.

9.10.—PRIME MINISTER OF NEWFOUNDLAND, S.B. from London.

9.30.—NEWS, S.B. from London.

9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.45.—GERMAN TALK by FRANCIS J. STAFFORD, M.A., M.C.

9.55.—MISS FLORENCE CALINT, Contralto. Three Songs.

10.15. MEN'S CLUB. ANNOUNCER: Victor Smythe.

10.20.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: Victor Smythe.

NEWCASTLE.

3.45-4.45. MISS FLORENCE CALINT, Contralto. Pianoforte, and MR. FAIRBANKS, Saxophone Solos.

4.45. WOMEN'S HOUR.

5.5. CHILDREN'S HOUR.

6.0. SCHOLARS' HALF HOUR. Musical Appreciation by MR. L. L. STRONG, A.L.C.M.

6.5. FARMERS' CORNER.

6.50.—INTERVAL.

7.0. NEWS, S.B. from London.

7.10. MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON, S.B. from London.

7.25. Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.30. TALK on "Opera" by MR. JOHN WYATT, L.R.A.M., L.R.C.M., A.R.C.O.

7.40.—WIRELESS ORCHESTRA. Concerto, "Italian" (Rasini), MISS BEATRICE PARAMOR, Soprano, Two Songs, MR. I. SHARPE, Violin Solo, WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, "Nell Gwyn" (Rozet), MR. R. D. STRANGWAYS, Baritone, MR. I. SHARPE, Violin Solos, WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, "Soldaten Lieder" (Quast).

MISS BEATRICE PARAMOR, "Marianne Song" ("Carmen") (Bizet).

9.10. PRIME MINISTER OF NEWFOUNDLAND, S.B. from London.

9.30. NEWS, S.B. from London.

9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.45.—WIRELESS ORCHESTRA: "Van Klara" (Thurbon), MISS BEATRICE PARAMOR, "Santuzza" Romance, (Mascagni), MR. R. D. STRANGWAYS, "The Auld Chorus" (My Sadness Command), MR. I. SHARPE, Violin Solo, (Mascagni), MR. R. D. STRANGWAYS, "O Star of Love" (Wagner).

10.15.—MEN'S HOUR.

10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: R. Pratt.

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VOCAL FOX-TROTS

When You and I Were Dancing
By H. M. TENNENT

We'll Find a Rendezvous
By WILLY ENGEL-BERGER

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Shoesies that I Need)**
By FRED ROSE

La Java (Play Me a Melody)
By MAURICE YVAIN

That Lovely Melody
By ARTHUR DONALDSON

**En Douce (Dancing Through
Life With You)**
By MAURICE YVAIN

O-La-La
By OSCAR STRAUS

BALLADS

Love's First Kiss
By DOROTHY FORSTER

Bring Back That Dreamland
By MAX OSSETT

Life's Roadway
By A. EMMETT ADAMS

Little Dream Lady of Mine
By GRACE TORRENS

FOX-TROTS (Piano)

Siberia
By JEAN LENSEN

La Violetera
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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—THURSDAY (Nov. 1st.)

LONDON

- 12.30.—CONCERT MISS WINIFRED
1.30.—WOMEN'S HOUR In and Out of the
1.45.—The Copy Cat, Health Culture
2.15.—A Physical Training Expert
2.30.—CHILDREN'S STORIES The Adventures
of Pip, by Auntie Mildred, and the
Humpty Dumpty—No. II. The
"Pine"; "Jack Hardy," Chap. 7, Part II
by Herbert Strang, "Fights at the Zoo"
by L. G. M., of the Daily Mail
3.15.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides' News
3.30.—ORGAN RECITAL AT WESTMINSTER
CATHEDRAL, by MR. HERBERT CAR
RUTHERS (Station Director of Glasgow
Station, B.B.C.)
3.45.—TIME SIGNAL, FIRST GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN S.B. to all stations
3.55.—THE WEEK'S MUSIC by MR. PERCY
A. SCHOLLES, the B.B.C. Musical Critic
S.B. to all stations.
8.10.—RADIO SOCIETY TALK S.B. to all
stations.
8.15.—Local News and Weather Forecast
8.20.—POPULAR PROGRAMME: THE
BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS (by per
mission of Col. R. C. A. McCalmont D.S.O.)
"William Tell" Overture (Rossini); Three
Light Pieces (Perry Fletcher); M. S. ETHEL
TUCK Sonata in C (Schubert); Study in
F Minor ("La Leggerezza") (Liszt); MR.
FODEN WILLIAMS A Humorous Study—
"The City Councillor" (Foden Williams);
IRISH GUARDS Cornet Solo, "Love a Ole
Sweet Song" (Molloy); Soloist, CORPORAL
PETER WILSON; Selection of Harry
Lauder's Songs.
9.10.—PROFESSOR A. J. IRELAND Episodes
in the History of England
9.30.—TIME SIGNAL, SECOND GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN S.B. to all stations
9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45.—IRISH GUARDS Suite, "The Tempter"
(Edward Gorman); (1) Overture, (2) Berceuse,
(3) Barabannean Dance, MISS F. L.
TUCK Elude II (Cyril Scott); (4) "Piano"
No. 2 (Cyril Scott) "Hobby II" (L.
Tuck); MR. FODEN WILLIAMS "A
Suite on Modern Review" (Foden Williams);
IRISH GUARDS March from "The
Angels" (Finck); Intermezzo, "Bells Across
the Meadows" (Kestby); Selection, "Sally"
(Jerome Kern); Grand Military Tact
(Rogers)
10.45.—CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER: R. A. Wright

BIRMINGHAM

- 2.30.—4.30.—MR. HAROLD CARY, of the
Station Repertory Company, Baritone, will
sing a Song Recital accompanied by MR.
JOSEPH LEWIS on the Player Piano
5.0.—LADIES' CORNER
5.30.—KIDDIES' CORNER Uncle, C. Pollard
and Crowther
6.1.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides' News
6.30.—7.45.—ORGAN RECITAL S.B. from
London
7.55.—NEWS S.B. from London
8.0.—MR. PERCY A. SCHOLLES S.B. from
London
8.10.—RADIO SOCIETY NEWS S.B. from
London

- 8.15.—Local News and Weather Forecast
8.20.—BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS
S.B. from London
9.30.—NEWS S.B. from London
9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45.—MR. FRANK EDWARDS, M.A. R.
I.R.A.M. Solo Pianist Scarboro in B (Ha
minor) (Chopin), Bolero in A flat (Chopin)
10.0.—MR. C. POLLARD CROWTHER
PHOTOGRAPHY
10.15.—MR. ERNEST JONES, Banjoist
10.30.—CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER: J. Lewis

BOHEMIAN MOUTH

- 2.45.—CONCERT by ETHEL BELLER
Solo Pianist: AMY COCKLE, RN. Scarboro
4.45.—WOMEN'S HOUR
5.15.—CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0.—Girl Guides and Boy Scouts' News
6.15.—SCHOLARS' HALF HOUR
6.30.—ORGAN RECITAL S.B. from London
7.45.—NEWS S.B. from London
7.55.—MR. PERCY SCHOLLES S.B. from
London
8.10.—RADIO SOCIETY NEWS S.B. from
London
8.15.—Local News and Weather Forecast
8.20.—INTERVAL
8.45.—GIRLS' DANCE ORCHESTRA
9.30.—NEWS S.B. from London
9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45.—GIRLS' DANCE ORCHESTRA
10.15.—CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER: Bertram Fryer

DARTMOUTH

- 2.30.—FALKMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Capitol Cinema, Dartmouth
4.30.—5.0.—INTERVAL
5.0.—WOMEN'S HOUR
5.30.—CHILDREN'S STORIES, Weather
Forecast
6.15.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides' News
6.30.—ORGAN RECITAL S.B. from London
7.45.—NEWS S.B. from London
7.55.—MR. PERCY SCHOLLES S.B. from
London
8.10.—RADIO SOCIETY NEWS S.B. from
London
8.15.—Local News
8.20.—March, "Pro Patria" (Lotter), Entr'acte,
Silver Cloud" (Kestby); Songs, MR. H. J.
SMITH, Suite, "Chantelle" (Lacombe)
Songs: (a) "At the Evening Hour" (Walter
Arnold); (b) "Yellow Roses" (Herbert
Quiver)
8.55.—LIEUT. COL. C. WEAVER PRICI
M. D.F.S.
9.5.—MR. H. J. SMITH, Songs: (a) "Love's
Golden Key" (E. Carr Hardy); (b) "The
Tide" (Ivor Novello); Selection, "Othello"
Liszt
9.30.—NEWS S.B. from London
9.45.—H.M. IRISH GUARDS S.B. from
London
10.30.—CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER: W. N. Settle

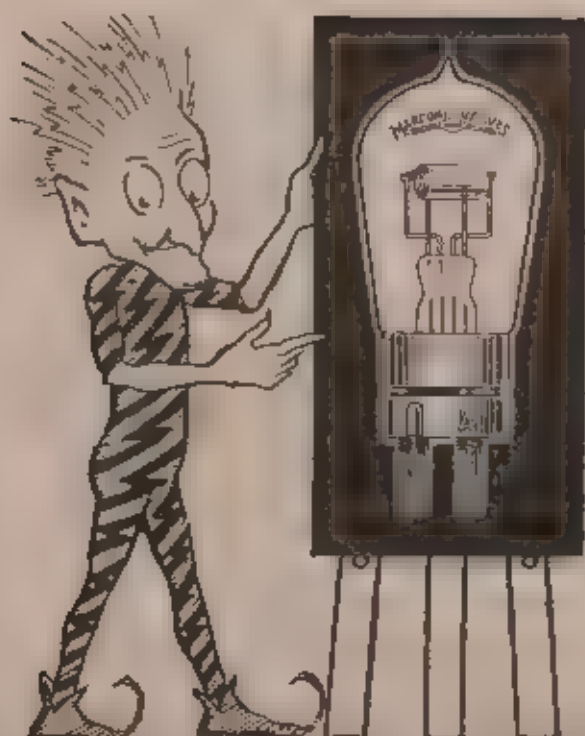
MANCHESTER

- 11.30.—12.30.—CONCERT by the ZZY TRIO
Vocalist, MISS ALICE HILL, Contralto.
5.0.—MAINLY FEMALINE

- 5.25.—Farmers' Weather Report
5.30.—CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0.—Girl Guides and Boy Scouts' News
6.10.—SPANISH TALK by MR. W. P.
BLITCHER, Examiner in Spanish to the
Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes
6.30.—ORGAN RECITAL S.B. from London
7.45.—NEWS S.B. from London
7.55.—MR. PERCY SCHOLLES S.B. from
London
8.10.—RADIO SOCIETY NEWS S.B. from
London
8.15.—Local News and Weather Report
8.20.—H.M. IRISH GUARDS S.B. from
London
9.30.—NEWS S.B. from London
9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45.—H.M. IRISH GUARDS PROGRAMME
S.B. from London
10.45.—Special Weather Reports, MEN'S
CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS
11.0.—CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER: S. G. H. ney

NEWCASTLE

- 2.45.—4.45.—CONCERT Songs by
Florence Farrar and Mr. J. Martin
4.45.—WOMEN'S HOUR
5.15.—CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0.—SCHOLARS' HALF HOUR A Short
Talk on "Great Explorers" by MISS D. A.
NEILSON
6.10.—Boy Scouts' News
6.45.—Farmers' Corner
7.0.—FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
7.10.—Local News and Weather Forecast
7.20.—7.40.—INTERVAL
7.40.—NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Overture, "Queen of a Day" (Adam)
7.50.—MISS IDA COWLEY, Soloist
"Fine Day" ("Madame Butterfly") (Puccini)
M. Treasure Treasures
8.0.—MR. G. VAN HEE, Cellist "A Jante
and Allegro" (Mendelssohn)
8.10.—ORCHESTRA: "Spanish Tante"
Liszt
8.20.—MISS IDA COWLEY: "Roberto tu ciao
Adoro" (Meyerbeer)
8.30.—MR. G. VAN HEE, "Nostalgia"
Liszt
9.40.—MISS ELLA SCOTT, Elocutionist: (a)
"The Revenge" (Tennyson); (b) "La Belle
Dame Sans Merci" (Keats)
8.50.—ORCHESTRA: "Boire"
9.0.—9.30.—INTERVAL
9.30.—NEWS S.B. from London
9.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45.—MISS ELLA SCOTT: (a) "The Lady
of Shalotte" (Tennyson); (b) "The Mermaid"
Tennyson
9.55.—ORCHESTRA: "April Message"
(Andelf), Valse, "Love and Life" (Kamzak)
10.15.—MEN'S HOUR
10.30.—CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER: C. E. Parsons



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Would You Like to Broadcast?

By ARTHUR R. BURROWS, Director of Programmes.



MR. ARTHUR R. BURROWS.

IF so, you must possess a broadcasting voice, or if performing as an entertainer, the broadcaster must have a good voice.

The Editor of *The Radio Times*, in what I imagine to be a playful moment, has assigned to me the task of setting out the qualities that make for success in broadcasting.

I am sure he is smiling behind my back, but there is just the possibility that his marvellous cranial store lurks the idea that broadcasting talent is a well-defined combination of stock ingredients.

In this case, I suppose, I am to play the rôle of a Mrs. Beeton of broadcasting, and adopt the "Take a little of this . . . twice as much of that . . . mix them in a steady moderate to taste" idea!

If this is so, then the Editor of *The Radio Times* must be, from this moment onwards, a very very disappointed man.

Now We Know!

There is, I think, no doubt whatever that certain types of singing and speaking voices transmit much better than others. How far those at present classed amongst the unsuitable can be trained into voices useful in the wireless studio, time alone will show. We are only at the fringe of the art.

Take first the speaking voice. We have found difficulty in getting voices suitable for the duties of an announcer.

Voices that have appeared quite pleasing when not in ordinary conversation have failed to stand the test of the transmitting microphone; others, which have passed this preliminary test, have been found wanting during a more lengthy examination. There are also instances within our experience of candidates who, having passed all tests, have developed a palatable nervousness when given serious work before the microphone.

This does not answer the question. "What constitutes the ideal speaking voice for broadcasting?"

Frankly, I do not know. I can write freely if you wish it, in terms of "timbre," etc., but such terms would be more camouflage for ignorance. They remind me of an experience many years ago. I happened to be at a railway station in the South Midlands at a moment when a whole trainload of bombing machines were being released on a flight to the North. "How do they find their way?" I asked an experienced official in charge. "Instinct," was the reply.

As with "instinct," so with "timbre"!

The "Ortund" Voice.

I have friends who tell me that instruments exist by means of which it is possible to analyse sounds, vocal and instrumental, and present them photographically in the form of wavy lines. Some of these waves are straightforward affairs, others complex and serrated. Being scientifically inclined, I can follow this process of analysis, and even believe that the records will show a difference between what one might term a "young" and an "old" voice, but I am afraid that these records will not provide a clue as to the causes of the distinction.

My own impression is that the possessor of a big, well-covered frame starts with an

advantage over his less favoured fellows. Such a one has generally greater control over his breathing, and I think all will agree that a heavy breather is most unpleasant to listen to with head phones. The ideal speaker is he who, having his breath well under control, makes full use of his chest and mouth cavities and that knack of forward projection so intimately associated with head resonance.

The ideal voice is an "ortund" voice—one of simple, pure tone rounded out into greater fulness, backed by personality.

The Best Tutor.

This matter of "personality" is the most elusive factor of all. There are many who possess personal charm and radiate this in the presence of others who are fortunate enough to be their friends, but he or she who wishes to transmit this personality by wireless must have vocal organs responsive to every shade of feeling. The final great essential for a speaker by wireless is sufficient of the power of imagination to enable him to "sense" the feeling of his unseen audience towards what he is saying and doing.

We are, as yet, groping our way slowly in the antechambers of a new technique. It may ultimately be ascertained that vocal sounds can be as effectively used as facial expression for conveying the several shades of human feeling.

The Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Mary Pickford of the ether have yet to be found. Perhaps they are already on their way to America to earn as much in a day as you could I may hope to receive in a lifetime.

Much that I have said about the speaking voice applies equally to the singing voice. There is an idea abroad that sopranos do not transmit well, the wireless medium being incapable of correctly reproducing them. It would be more correct to say that there are fewer voices amongst the sopranos suited to broadcast than amongst contraltos. On the other hand, there are sopranos who cannot do wrong, however great their vocal range, and I think it will be found on examination that these spend many of their spare moments listening on the wireless to the performances of others. A receiving set is the best tutor that can be had.

Be Natural.

It does not follow that the star artists of the concert platform will also become a wireless "star."

Success in the concert hall is not a matter purely of vocal quality. Certain other factors—a sunny presence, grace of bearing, good taste in the choice of garments, and ability to convey an impression of the full joy of living—all play a part.

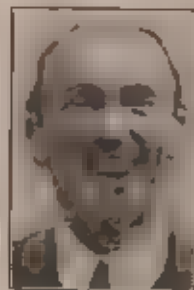
In the wireless studio all these characteristics of the artist which appeal to the brain through the eye are of no account. Everything that matters has to be translated into terms of sound. The essentials are a well-trained voice and an articulation which, in the words of an expert, "isolates, engraves, and chisels a thought."

The would-be wireless artist should not strain for effects. Natural singing with careful attention to detail are the things that matter. Vibratos and other vocal acrobatics must be put aside when facing the transmitter.

After all this . . . Would you like to broadcast?

The Assistant General Manager,

Rear-Admiral C. D. Carpendale, C.B.



REAR-ADMIRAL CARPENDALE.

AT 6 p.m. every evening, Rear-Admiral Carpendale is speaking by telephone to Manchester or Glasgow, or some other city. He is the Assistant General Manager of the B.B.C. He has a very good picture of the quarterdeck of a ship, and a very good knowledge of the station's orders and still more station's rules.

He is being delivered in a voice calculated to reach to the farthest corners of the ship.

Admiral Carpendale has had a brilliant naval career. The B.B.C. were proud to add him to their number in consequence, and his cheerful ignoring of all past difficulties and refusal to admit present ones, made him an inspiring, if somewhat disturbing addition to the staff.

Very Sympathetic.

He gives a sympathetic hearing to every case, but simply cannot and will not allow the existence of difficulties. He brought fresh enthusiasm to everything in a manner very stimulating to officials who were nearly "played out" with hard work and worry. The General Manager especially would be ready to testify to the immense personal relief it was when he took over some of the onus of the work on the "executive staff."

For about a week when he first joined the Company he wore a worried expression, as he realised the many different interests and branches of broadcasting; then his countenance cleared and his conversations with colleagues began to be sprinkled with nautical terms. His colleagues then looked worried in their turn, not being used to the vocabulary, but after further references to modern dictionaries, they got used to the nautical flavour, and have decided not to "part brass-rags" with him yet.

Someone once said of him that he never smiles, but this was a libel. Just look at his photograph! It is only when business is so foot that he looks serious, and his laugh at other times is spontaneous and most refreshing. Everyone likes the Admiral and gets on well with him, both equals and subordinates, and of course, like every other B.B.C. official, he gets through a tremendous amount of work daily.

Has Never Broadcast.

Admiral Carpendale has not yet broadcast, he doesn't play the part of an Uncle or Announcer, but he is an expert on the subject of transmissions, and his assistance and advice are much appreciated by those overworked people, the programme officials. He also interviews all the people who think they know how to run a broadcasting station and want to expound and expatiate upon their views. With these he is very gentle in a fierce sort of way, and they leave subdued, but attribute all future improvements to their own good advice—like the superstitious nigger in "Huckleberry Finn," who ascribed his bad fortune in breaking a leg to his inadvertent destruction of a spider the year before. After disposing of such an one, he will remark to a colleague with a beatific smile of recollection: "Oh, I just bonned him off." And yet the gentleman has retired feeling confident that he has made a good impression.

When There's a Breakdown. A REPLY TO SOME QUERIES.

By P. P. ECKERSLEY, Chief Engineer of the B.B.C.

DEAR SIR,—Excuse my troubling you, but could not some arrangement be devised whereby, when your station breaks down you could let us know that your set is wrong—not cars? Last night I spent ten minutes fiddling with my set, only to find it was not my fault! It is bad enough your having a breakdown, but why on earth you don't announce that you're going to have one, so that we may have had our heads me.—I am, yours faithfully, P.P.E.

No! I don't get many letters like that but I have had them—yes, I have, really!

As the writers have used *some de plan* I have been unable to reply direct. Now let me do so through the medium of the Official Organ, not to be confused with the Steamway, one of the B.B.C.

Fairly Obvious.

Phase, if we are broken down, we cannot speak! This much is fairly obvious, but, for our reputation's sake, let me assure you that when the microphone breaks down, we do use a spare ordinary one to tell you of the progress of the search for the trouble. The request is not really so silly as it sounds; it is possible to announce a stoppage or a microphone breakdown—and we do!

Someone said to me the other day:

There's only one time I would really like to look over the place, and that when you have a breakdown.

Whether the gentleman in question wanted to learn the gentle art of *diving* into one's pent-up feelings in black wire, or whether he was interested in the Sherlock Holmes of wireless tracing, a *condenser* to his *best*. I don't know, but in case any readers of the *Official Organ* would like to know more read on.

Actually what some listeners suppose is happening is probably this:—

Scene 1: The amplifier room.

Middle: An array of valves glowing. Telephones, switches, meters about 300, wire, cigarette ends.

Left Centre: 1st Engineer with the phones on his hip in an armchair. 2nd Engineer reading the paper.

1st ENGINEER (yawning): Must have been asleep, I suppose. Dull job, this amplifier.

2nd ENGINEER: Seen this about the new licences for broadcasting?

1st ENGINEER: No! I'm not very interested. I took one out four years ago, and it seems all right. I say what a long time they've been without speaking. Isn't that 'phone bell ringing from Marconi House? No! Our doorbell ring. I put it out of action! Wakes one up, no.

2nd ENGINEER: I'll go and see. (Exit.)

(Two minutes.)

2nd ENGINEER (entering): M.H. says they haven't heard anything for ten minutes.

1st ENGINEER: I wonder if they're still going on in the studio.

2nd ENGINEER: I'd go and see. (Exit.)

(Five minutes.)

2nd ENGINEER (entering): Yes, there's a fellow entertaining. I went in and listened. He's not bad, either.

1st ENGINEER: Well, let's find what's up, shall we?

2nd ENGINEER: All right, may as well let's see if anything's going on on the line. Where's a pair of 'phones? Here we are! I say, I like these 'phones, they're most awfully good, you know—oh! but I remember these are dud! Lend me yours, old chap. Thanks. No! Nothing going on on the line at all. Funny! I'd better go and see if that fellow's still going on. By Jove! he is, I can hear him across the switch. Get a pair of 'phones. Gad! that's funny! ... Did you hear that? Jean Henry, isn't it? Do you remember that one? ... What, this switch isn't closed!

the four first valves. Two engineers, each rapidly adjusting hand phones, leap to the input and output of the amplifier.

Chief Engineer wearing a loud speaker comes in, and receives reports, each man standing at attention in front of his own valve. The trouble is found; one of the valves has turned out. The drill for replacing a valve is taken through in quick time, taking the *valve* from the Chief Engineer ... and *some* and so forth.

But you're both wrong and I won't tell you really exactly what goes on, because as a spectacle it is not— it's just *real* thinking, and that never shows up much, does it?

The American Way

In America they tell me they are so highly organized that a breakdown is impossible. The dreaded click arrives in one second; before the next a squad has changed over unperceived switches, and a spare equipment, complete microphone, land line, transmitter, aerial, studio building, masts—for all I know—

are *ready* to go.

I wonder if they ever change over the artist if one slips half a millibar flat?

I do not wish to appear sarcastic. I am sure the arrangements they have made are admirable, and that broadcast never ceases involuntarily; but it all costs a lot of money, and we cannot at the moment afford to duplicate equipment (which is already largely duplicated), and still maintain a fair programme.

We realize we give a public service, and everything that can be done is done to maintain a reasonable reliability; hear with us when things fail for a short while.

Remember that when we do an outside broadcast there is the microphone that is fixed in position, and cannot often in the nature of things be touched (it would be a pity at a big public dinner for someone to be seen with a pair of pliers scrambling about amid the decorations with a hitherto hidden microphone).

There is an amplifier usually in a cellar temporarily installed with about a thousand different connections in it; there is a land line snaking its way through the bowels of London; there is a transmitter with miles and miles of wire in it, any part of which, in breaking, causes the whole broadcast to cease and you will realize that to organize against any fault occurring is—well, difficult!

No Finality.

Lastly, remember we have not reached finality, and that much of our gear is experimental, and yet we have to experiment and still give a service.

My article sounds one big apology—quite a *disgrace*.

But taken over all the breakdown time is one quarter per cent. of the total time of broadcasting.

One's excuse?

Not I, nor my staff!



Wireless Enthusiast (to sympathetic neighbour) "Yes, it's quite all right in theory; but, somehow or other, in practice the darned thing won't work."

Well, I must have kicked it when I was reading the paper. Well, let's close it, shall we? Right!

1st ENGINEER: Better go and tell the man who had a bit of a breakdown, I suppose, and make up some yap for the report. This is a boring job.

Or someone else may think that we are ultra efficiently organized and I thank him for his kind thought!

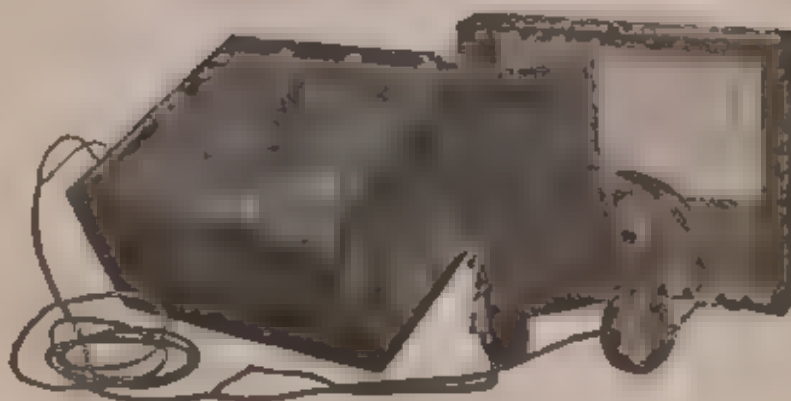
His image of a breakdown then is probably ANNOUNCEMENT ... and so we will now give you—click

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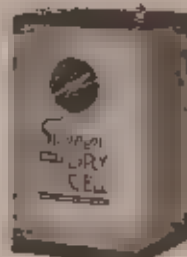
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Mounted in a well-finished mahogany case, it comprises 1 H.F. Valve and 1 detector. This instrument permits the fullest reaction allowed by the P.M.G., and will give excellent results on all the British Broadcasting Stations.

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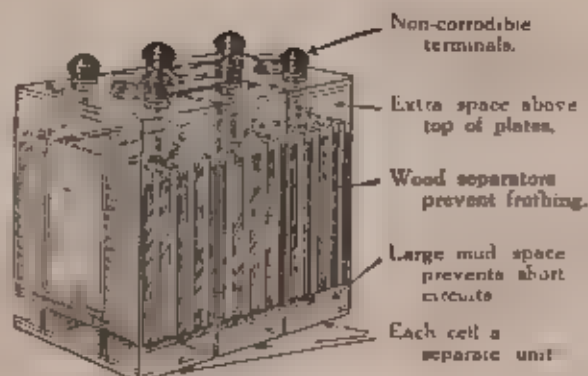
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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—ABERDEEN (Oct. 28th to Nov 3rd)

SUNDAY.

8.30. MR. JAMES SHARP Tenor: "Reveries" (Lullaby) "My Song" (Hendy).
 9.40. TRIO: "Trio No. 1" (Mozart).
 9.55. MR. JAMES SHARP: "Thou Shalt Break Them" (Mozart) (Hendy).
 10.0. REV. J. LAWSON M.C. (Hendy) at the Parish Church, Aberdeen.
 10.15. MISS IENA DUNN: "Lullaby" (Lullaby) "At the Midhour of Night" (Cowen).
 10.35. TRIO: (a) "Absent Friends" (Mozart) "A Fanny Gold" (Hendy).
 10.55. MR. JAMES SHARP: "Tales of Eclipsa" (Hendy).
 11.0. MISS IENA DUNN: (a) "Invitation" (Hendy) (b) "Whatever Is, Is Best" (Lullaby).
 11.20. TRIO: "Intermezzo" (Hendy).
 11.35. MR. ANDREW WATSON: "Lullaby" (Hendy).
 11.50. News, S.B. from London.
 12.0. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 12.15. CLOSE DOWN.
 ANNOUNCER: R. E. Jeffrey.

MONDAY.

8.30. TRIO: Selections.
 9.30. INTERVAL.
 10.0. WOMEN'S HALF HOUR.
 10.30. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 10.55. Farmers' Special Weather Report.
 11.0. News, S.B. from London.
 11.10. MR. JOHN STRACHEY, S.B. from London.
 11.25. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 11.35. SYMPHONY CONCERT, S.B. from London.
 11.50. News, S.B. from London.
 12.0. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 12.30. THE MARQUESS CURZON, S.B. from London.
 12.50. SYMPHONY CONCERT, S.B. from London.
 1.0. CLOSE DOWN.

TUESDAY.

8.30. TRIO: Selections.
 9.30. INTERVAL.
 10.0. WOMEN'S HALF HOUR.
 10.30. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 10.55. Farmers' Special Weather Report.
 11.0. News, S.B. from London.
 11.10. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 11.20. ORCHESTRA: "First Ballet Egyptian" (Hendy).
 11.30. MR. JAMES COULTS, Tenor: Two songs.
 11.40. ORCHESTRA: "Selection" (Hendy).
 11.50. MISS MARGARET SKAKLE, Soprano: "One Fine Day" (Hendy).
 12.0. ORCHESTRA: "Sato" (Hendy).
 12.10. MISS MARGARET SKAKLE: "La Boheme" (Hendy).
 12.20. MR. JAMES COULTS: "One Little Hour" (Hendy).
 12.30. ORCHESTRA.
 12.40. MISS MARGARET SKAKLE: Two songs.
 12.50. INTERVAL.
 1.0. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 1.10. SAVOY ORCHESTRAS BAND, S.B. from London.
 1.20. CLOSE DOWN.
 ANNOUNCER: W. D. Simpson.

WEDNESDAY.

8.30. TRIO: Selections.
 9.30. INTERVAL.
 10.0. WOMEN'S HALF HOUR.
 10.30. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 10.55. News, S.B. from London.
 11.0. MR. ALFRED HADDON, S.B. from London.
 11.10. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 11.20. ORCHESTRA: Dance Music.
 11.30. MISS B. JENKINS, Mezzo Soprano: (a) "Fairy Tales of Ireland" (Hendy) (b) "Spring Songs" (Hendy).
 11.40. ORCHESTRA: Dance Music.
 11.50. MR. W. M. JOHNSON, Tenor: (a) "The Flower Dance" (Hendy) (b) "One Little Hour" (Hendy).
 12.0. ORCHESTRA: Dance Music.
 12.10. MR. JACK BURNS, Baritone: (a) "Love, Could I Only Tell Thee" (Capri) (b) "Two Drowsy Eyes" (Hendy).
 12.20. ORCHESTRA: Dance Music.
 12.30. MISS B. JENKINS: (a) "The Crown of the Year" (Hendy) (b) "Buy my Strawberries" (Hendy).
 12.40. ORCHESTRA: Dance Music.
 12.50. THE PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND, S.B. from London.
 1.0. News, S.B. from London.
 1.10. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 1.20. ORCHESTRA: (a) Waltz, "Dorothy" (Hendy) (b) Foxtrot, "Where Bambi and Babes Grow" (Hendy).
 1.30. MR. JACK BURNS: "Pactol" (Hendy).
 1.40. ORCHESTRA: Dance Music.
 1.50. MR. W. M. JOHNSON: "Dawning" (Hendy).
 2.0. ORCHESTRA: "Eighteen" (Hendy).
 2.10. CLOSE DOWN.
 ANNOUNCER: R. E. Jeffrey.

THURSDAY.

8.30. TRIO: Dance Music.
 9.30. INTERVAL.
 10.0. WOMEN'S HALF HOUR.
 10.30. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 10.55. News, S.B. from London.
 11.0. MR. PERCY A. SCHOLES, S.B. from London.
 11.10. RADIO SOCIETY NEWS, S.B. from London.
 11.20. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 11.30. SIMULTANEOUS BROADCAST OF THE OPERA "Les Cloches de Corneville" from GLASGOW.
 11.40. 12.45. SECOND CENTRAL NEWS FROM GLASGOW.
 12.0. CLOSE DOWN.

FRIDAY.

8.30. TRIO: Selections.
 9.30. INTERVAL.
 10.0. WOMEN'S HALF HOUR.
 10.30. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 10.55. Farmers' Special Weather Report.
 11.0. News, S.B. from London.
 11.10. MR. G. A. ATKINSON, S.B. from London.
 11.20. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 11.30. ORCHESTRA: "Rosamunde Baet" (Hendy).
 11.40. MR. R. E. ANDERSON, Baritone: (a) "Sorrow" (Hendy) (b) "Oh Flower of the World" (Hendy).
 11.50. CLOSE DOWN.

7.30. ORCHESTRA: "Selection" (Hendy).
 8.30. MISS CHRISTINE CROWE: (a) "The Trypt" (Sibelius) (b) "Stride la Vampa" (Hendy).
 8.45. ORCHESTRA: (a) "Mozart to op. 4" No. 2 (Hendy) (b) "Nocturne in E flat" (Hendy).
 9.30. MR. R. E. ANDERSON: (a) "The Lute Player" (Hendy) (b) "For You Alone" (Hendy).
 9.40. ORCHESTRA: Selection, "Schubert's Works".
 9.50. INTERVAL.
 10.0. News, S.B. from London.
 10.10. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 10.20. MISS CHRISTINE CROWE: Two songs.
 10.30. ORCHESTRA: Overture, "Companions" (Hendy).
 10.40. MR. R. E. ANDERSON: (a) "The Village Green" (Hendy) (b) "The Sea Capsy" (Hendy).
 10.50. ORCHESTRA: Selection, "Mozart's Flute" (Hendy).
 11.0. CLOSE DOWN.
 ANNOUNCER: R. E. Jeffrey.

SATURDAY.

8.30. TRIO: Selections.
 9.30. INTERVAL.
 10.0. WOMEN'S HALF HOUR.
 10.30. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 10.55. Farmers' Special Weather Report.
 11.0. News, S.B. from London.
 11.10. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 11.20. ORCHESTRA: Overture, "William Tell" (Hendy).
 11.30. MR. L. G. DIPPY: Baritone: (a) "The Pipes of Pan" (Hendy) (b) "A Highland Love Song" (Hendy).
 11.40. ORCHESTRA: "Mozart's" (Hendy).
 11.50. MISS CHRISTINE CROWE: Election: (a) "The Speech of a Woman" (Hendy) (b) "Forgetting" (Hendy).
 12.0. ORCHESTRA: "Extase" (Hendy).
 12.10. MR. L. G. DIPPY: (a) "An Enchanted Love Lull" (Hendy) (b) "The Young Royalist".
 12.20. ORCHESTRA: Waltz, "La Barcarolle" (Hendy).
 12.30. MISS CHRISTINE CROWE: Election: "It Wasn't He Wrote" (Hendy).
 12.40. ORCHESTRA: Selection, "Sanderson's Songs".
 12.50. INTERVAL.
 1.0. News, S.B. from London.
 1.10. Local News and Weather Forecast.
 1.20. ORCHESTRA: (a) "Sleepy Moan" (Hendy) (b) "Valse de Fleurs" (Hendy).
 1.30. MR. L. G. DIPPY: (a) "Come to the Fair" (Hendy) (b) "As Fond Kiss".
 1.40. MISS CHRISTINE CROWE: "Trio".
 1.50. ORCHESTRA: "Three Dryad Dances" (Hendy).
 2.0. CLOSE DOWN.
 ANNOUNCER: W. D. Simpson.

HISTORICAL POLARISMS



KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

King Bruce in desperation
 As soon as inspiration
 A full ten days had been in vain
 When a full ten days later
 He was visited by a spider
 Broadcast to him the message **TRY AGAIN**

IT has been said by leading Wireless Authorities that:—

"such perfect rendering of music and the human voice must actually have a direct good influence upon public opinion of modern Wireless Reception."

"THE POLARPHONE will do more to prove the possibility of bringing the concert to the drawing-room in the fullest sense than anything hitherto attempted and is the super instrument for which society has been waiting."

It is costly only because such perfections cannot be obtained from the class of inventive genius or manufacturing material which is put into instruments more popularly priced.

The purchase of the Polarphone includes the services, if required, of the Polar Service Engineer at your first evening's concert, when any minor adjustments necessary to secure perfect reception can be made.

Preliminary Demonstrations may be arranged at our Showrooms or at the forthcoming N.A.R.M. Exhibition, White City, November 8th to 21st.

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Telegrams: Radiocomm-Estrand, London.

To Readers "Historical Polarisms" drawn by the well-known humorous artist, Mr. G. H. 27, originated and written by Mr. E. C. Smetlein, will appear in "Radio Times" weekly. Copies of these cartoons, reproduced on one or more occasions in hanging in wireless rooms, will be sent post free for 1s. each.



Letters From Listeners.

We hope to give on this page each week a limited selection of typical letters from the R.B.I. postbox. The points raised by the writers will be answered briefly immediately beneath each communication. —Ed. "R.T."

Wireless as the "Elixir of Life."

DEAR SIR.—I must thank you for your delightful programme. I am 73 years old, but, let me assure you, I am beginning a new life so full of interest that I am not sure that you wireless people have not discovered me "Elixir of Life!"

What a wonderful means of education for our young people as well as for us older ones who living in remote country places in the last half century, had no opportunity of hearing good French, excellent education, or the thousands of interesting things which make up the everyday life of some of our fellow men.

Language, too! How good to hear French spoken so easily and English so charmingly as we did not work by wireless.

All of you broadcasting friends are opening a new world to us—particularly to those who are now—either by reason of age or infirmities prohibited from going out much.

Again, thanking you for all you are doing.

Yours sincerely, S. C. S.

[Our correspondent has pointed out one of the principal uses of broadcasting—namely, to bring cheer and interest into the lives of the toiled and the infirm. To call wireless the "Elixir of Life" is, indeed, but a slight exaggeration.]

No Comment Required!

SIR—You broadcast the death of Mr. late magistrate. I have been before him more than once, the last time he fined me a hundred pounds! I should be glad if you would tell me which road he has gone, because I would take the other turning. I do not want to meet him again!

Yours, etc.

A. J. JENNER

[Comment on the above is surely needless!]

Help the Hospitals

DEAR SIR.—Just a few lines to you to offer a suggestion which I think would do good to a few of our Hospitals.

I am a holder of a B.B.C. set and Broadcast Licence since last February. Well, I have heard a good many people say that the Licence is worth a great deal more than 10s. for the entertainment one receives. So I suggest that anyone who thinks he is paying too little for his enjoyment—in other words, who thinks it is worth more than his 10s. to send the difference to the respective Stations for the equipping of a Wireless Installation in a long hospital.

I am not rich, but to start off, I will say that in my opinion it is worth at least 1d. per day to me—roughly 15s. per year; so I will forward the difference (5s.) to the Birmingham Station, if you think this scheme would do.

There might be some people who would think the programmes worth a penny a day. The fund would benefit them by 11.

Yours sincerely,

Birmingham.

H. M.

[We would appreciate the views of other listeners upon the proposals put forward in this letter.]

"In Order of Merit."

DEAR SIR.—In reference to competitions, does "item in order of merit" mean the subject or the effect?

A musical masterpiece might be indifferently rendered or a subject of no general interest might be splendidly lectured upon.

Yours, etc.,

His grace

could also be placed in order of merit as broadcast performances, not as compositions.]

"The Last Rose of Summer."

DEAR SIR.—In your Sunday programme, "The Last Rose of Summer" is described as Old English, and announced as such. May I be allowed to challenge the statement?

The words, by Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, are known all over the world as favourite song of Patti, but it may be found under a score of titles. The air dates from the sixteenth century, transferred from "Elegiac" to "The Rose of Summer." It was worked up as a fantasia by Mendelssohn in 1829 and then, Flotow introduced it into his opera of "Martha." Bartók, whilst disparaging the opera of "Martha," praises our old folk tune as follows:

The delicious Irish air was so simply and poetically sung by Patti that its fragrance alone was sufficient to disperse the rest of the work.

My authority for the above is Mr. Grattan Flood's "History of Irish Music."

Yours sincerely,

North Finchley.

J. B.

[We welcome letters of this character.]

This is a perfectly true story. A father was having great trouble to get through with his wireless apparatus, when his little boy aged six, remarked: "I know why you can't listen, dad; what you want is to get a licence!"

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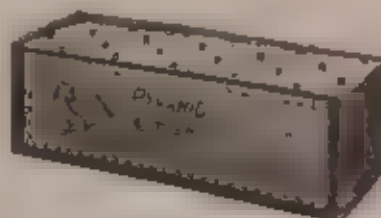
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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

UNCLE JACK FROST'S YARN

Conducted by UNCLE CARACTACUS.

HELLO, children! Here we are again! But I've managed to get off writing a bit to you this week because Uncle Jack Frost has such a lot of interesting things last week about wireless and how it really works that I thought you would like to read it over quite quietly again.

Uncle Jack Frost "sounds rather cold and frosty, doesn't he? But he isn't really, and this is what he has to say about wave-length and lots of other things I know nothing about."

Uncle Jack Frost's Wireless Yarns.

No. 1.

I say, children, I expect that you are just thinking to yourselves, "Here is some sort of strange new Uncle coming up to talk to us."

I hope that you will listen to what I have to say because I'm going to tell you a story.

What "Wave-Length" Is.

It is all about the wonders of the Wireless Waves. They ride on what we grown-ups call the ether wave. My first story is to be about the wave on which they ride. You have heard people talk about wave-length, haven't you? And some of you, perhaps all of you, have wondered what they meant by saying that the London Broadcasting Station's wave-length is 363 metres. What is wave-length?

Let us play a game of pretend for a little while and imagine that we have come to the shores of a beautiful lake—the water being ever so calm as the sun shines upon it. There is not even a ripple upon its surface. As then you and I have ever before seen such a wonderful piece of water—just like a huge circular mirror—the shores of which are quite regular.

Close to the shore is tied a rowing boat. It is simply a lovely day for a sail—suppose we jump into the boat—yes, my walking-stick and I—and row out to the centre of the lake. Shall we? Mind how you jump in! We are a really now and away we go! It does not take us long to reach the very middle of the lake. Now it! We are there now, and we throw our anchor overboard and sit quietly to enjoy the sun and sea.

All around us the water is ever so calm, and the wind is blowing. Suppose that we play at making ripples in the water? Here is my walking-stick, just bend over the side of the boat—mind that you don't slip—and hit the water once, just once, with the stick. Now what has happened?

A Little Experiment.

From the place where you first hit the water with the stick, ripples or little waves are travelling out and out towards the shore. Every way you look the ripples are moving outwards towards the shore, until at last they form quite a little wavelet, which breaks upon the lake's edge.

Suppose that we had the power to stop the ripples as they passed from the boat to the shore, and that they remained quite still upon the surface of the water. If I then gave you a ruler and suggested that you measured the distance from the top of one wave to the top of the next, you would be able to do so quite easily, wouldn't you? What you would then have measured would have been the length of the wave, or wave-length of the ripples which you sent out by striking the surface of the water with my walking-stick.

Now just imagine that the water is quite calm again, and that I take my walking-stick and hit the water ever so hard. You hit the water quite well, but this time, because I am stronger than you are, you are quite grown up, I hit the water much harder than you did.

"Amplitude."

What would you expect to see? The ripple or wave would be a much bigger one than you made, wouldn't it? Of course it would. Let us tell this wave to stop still, just supposing that it is possible to do so—and now take your ruler and measure the length of my wave from crest to crest. You can see that it is of exactly the same length as your wave was. If, however, you had measured the height of your wave with your ruler from the bottom to the top, and now could measure the height of my wave, you would find that my wave has a greater height or amplitude than yours had. Amplitude is just the word we grown-ups use when we want to feel really grown up and important. And all too soon, we mean height.



"DINKY," THE RADIO CAT

I can imagine what you are all saying. You are saying that of course my wave is longer and bigger than yours, because I'm stronger and can hit the water harder than you did. Quite so, I did hit the water harder than you, and that is just the reason that my wave is higher than yours: it has greater amplitude.

Now we have learned that our two waves or ripples on the surface of the lake have length and height, and that the height depends on the force or power which we use in striking the water and in making the wave.

The Meaning of "Kilowatt."

The ether wave which travels out, carrying our voices to you, now has length and height, and we call its length wave-length, and its height we call amplitude.

The strength which I used in striking the water with the stick can be compared to the power in watts or kilowatts used by the broadcasting station. "Kilo" means "thousand" so that "kilowatt" means thousand watts. The watt (W.A.T.T.) is the electrical measurement of power.

I wonder whether you can all now understand what is meant when you read in the newspapers that: "The London Broadcasting Station has a wave-length of 363 metres and a

transmission power of 11 kilowatts." The metre is a French measurement of length, and is used in the same way as our English yard.

In a few weeks time I shall talk to you again about some of the things which I know are puzzling you, and which I will do my best to explain. If any of you have any questions to ask me—and I expect that some of you will—then please write to me, care of The British Broadcasting Company, 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2, and I will do all I can to help you.

Good bye, kiddies!

UNCLE JACK FROST.

Well, that's that! I hope you feel a great deal wiser than you did before you read it. I do.

What do you think of this Radio cat "Dinky"? She had a birthday last week, but we didn't call her up in case she might have thought we were being too familiar. She looks a bit dignified, doesn't she? and is probably, like everyone else, criticizing the programme.

This cat is nothing to do with "Soosie," the Glasgow cat, who is a most superior creature. Here is the end of her adventures at 384.

More About Soosie.

The Radio Cat.

Soosie's darkest hour, I am glad to prove to be that before the dawn of her new existence. As she sat mournfully on the tiles of 384 she heard the voice of Uncle Mungo "come" from the studio below, and, of all things he was talking about the cat in "An Evening's Entertainment."

Soosie decided to have a peep at the person who could talk so kindly about cats. She looked cheerfully he might not be very cruel in a pink cat with blue spots!

Sliding through the open skylight, she dropped gently into the studio, and peered round the door of the studio in astonishment at Auntie Cydona and the Uncles. The room looked so temptingly warm, so, without any more delay, she padded up to Uncle Mungo and rubbed herself against his trouser-leg. Several minutes elapsed before they recovered from the full violence of the shock. Uncle Alex, I am prepared to take an oath on it, suffered a mild attack of lockjaw, caused by the scare, although he tried to convince me that he was merely yawning for his tea.

When the panic had died down somewhat, Uncle Mungo had a brilliant idea. "Let's have a station cat!" he declared with delight, "and let it be the pink-with-blue-spots Soosie!"

The others gladly agreed so Soosie became the official Radio Cat. Auntie Cydona apparently realized what had happened to her for she adjusted her whisker to the crystal and with many graceful movements she said, "Uncle Alex in the chorus of 'Home, Sweet Home,' when he played it with the fairy music."

THE END

Hurry up and join your local Radio Club—the ladies are waiting to send you a letter! (Don't forget!)

Do Women Control Men?

In this task, recently broadcast from London Mr James Ward says that they do. As time it to be entered in detail for discussion as to far too late a question for us to air our views on.

ONE of the most amazing secrets of the modern world is the power of women for secretly controlling the judgment and actions of men, which has been proved by the fact that women are not only far exceeding that which the man is capable of giving her credit for. The woman of the modern world has been a power to be reckoned with, chiefly because of her complete mastery of operation, and it is palpably evident that the man of the modern world is being overtaken by a woman of expression and action. The woman of the modern world is a power to be reckoned with, chiefly because of her complete mastery of operation, and it is palpably evident that the man of the modern world is being overtaken by a woman of expression and action.

Seizing the Reins

Whether we examine present evidences or turn to the remote past, her influence has been so great as to set us wondering at the illogical standpoint of the claimants for the mastery of woman, seeing the adroitness she has displayed in seizing the reins of authority.

In this country women are beginning to exercise an overwhelming away, the significance of which is but dimly comprehended. Women's veiled faculty of coercion is reinforced nowadays by a daring openness, whilst her possession of the franchise yields her power at compound interest on the penetrative influence she has hitherto exerted through her specialized genius for secret influence.

A distinguished woman has gone so far as to assert, in all seriousness, that a woman actually possesses two voices—their own and the voice of a husband. This is not so far from the truth as it appears, as the generalities of men are strangely oblivious to the colossal secret mental organization of women, and her subtle and surreptitious supremacy over the masculine personality.

Men of the strongest character admit that the insidious coercion of their judgment by their wives, whilst the thoughts and actions of weak men are frequently direct results of women's influence.

The Great Question.

The delicate tracery of the female mind seems to be more than equal to a leading by masculine influence. The woman generally contrives to divert its currents at her own capricious will, so deftly that seldom is the slightest trace of her hand discernible. In past history the traits of feminine influence have been startling. At the extreme Aristotle famously explains that the Spartans suffered under great disadvantages from her race that too much had been conceded to the woman, and that a general licence had ruled a free reign to the decline of Sparta.

In the United States, woman is at the zenith of power, her authority and influence being paramount in public and private affairs. Yet the cheapening of her real value is rivaling the deflation of the German mark as an example of the ephemeral nature of the modern state.

The significance of woman among the Eastern races is commonly supposed to be feeble, but there is abounding evidence that her influence, both open and secret, is very great indeed.

The great question, dominating everything else in importance and interest, is whether the

influence of woman is a force to be reckoned with, or a mere phantom of the imagination. The answer is a resounding yes, and the question is not one of degree, but of degree.

It is not so long since a woman was expected to be under her husband's thumb would have been regarded with scorn. The position is now entirely reversed in the extreme for the modern world a woman may be in a position to control her husband's life, and the greatest contempt he inspires in her.

In the language of wireless, man too often lacks the mental equipment the tuning unit which is required to him the intangible currents of feminine thought.

Foreign Stations.

L'ECOLE SUPERIEURE PARIS. 450 metres. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 8.45 p.m. to 9 p.m. Concert. Saturdays, 1.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. Lectures and Concert. Daily, at 10.0 a.m., 4.5 p.m. and 8.10 p.m.—News and Concert. G.M.T.

THE HAGUE PCUG. 1,085 metres. Sundays, 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Concert. Mondays, 9 p.m. to 10 p.m. Concert. Thursdays, 8.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Concert. G.M.T.

RADIOLA (Paris). 1,780 metres. Daily, 11.45 a.m. to 2.45 p.m.—Concert and News. 4.5 p.m. to 8.15 p.m.—Concert. 7.45 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Concert. Also Concert from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. on Sundays. G.M.T.

EIFFEL TOWER FL. 2,600 metres. 6.40 a.m. and 11.15 p.m. Weather Forecast. 2.30 p.m.—Stock Exchange News. 5.10 p.m. to 5.55 p.m.—Concert. 10.10 p.m.—Weather Forecast. G.M.T.

THE All-British Wireless Exhibition and Convention.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS.

A PRESSING NEED

ONE of the most pressing needs of science is a means of rendering the published language of men and of different nationalities universally intelligible. The international language problem has been with us for many years, but in common with the decimal system, it has made comparatively little headway. The adoption of a universal language would not

but would go far to promote international understanding and world peace.

The advantages are admitted, the question how to get something done. Hopes are now expressed in many quarters that wireless will prove our salvation in this matter, as in many others. Signal officers of the United States Army are urging a universal telegraphic alphabet which is an important step forwards in the direction of the international medium. Radiotelegraphy was the forerunner of radio-telephony, and it is natural that the establishment of a universal "tongue" in the one should be followed in the other. — *Wireless Review*

INDOOR AERIALS

PROBABLY the most popular type of indoor aerial is that which consists of one or more wires strung across the ceiling of a room or in the roof of a building to form a miniature indoor aerial. Such small aerials can be made to give fair results if put up with due regard to the principles of aerial operation. The main points to bear in mind are, first, that the insulation must be attended to with just as much care as is bestowed upon an outdoor aerial; secondly, that care must be taken to avoid bending the aerial back upon itself at right angles, for example, as results from running it backwards and forwards on a wall, instead of straight across the ceiling; and thirdly, it must be kept well away from wall and all other objects which would tend to increase its capacity abnormally.

A common mistake which is made in installing indoor aerials is to imagine that the full permitted 100ft. of wire must be employed somehow, even if it is done by coiling the wire round and round a small room. Such an arrangement of course, may merely lead to a large increase in the capacity of the aerial without yielding any greater signal strength, since the wave passing one side of the coiled aerial simply annuls the result which they produce in passing the other side. Better results would be obtained by the use of a shorter aerial, kept straight and brought up to the desired wave-length by the addition of inductance in series. — *Wireless Weekly*.

FREAK RECEPTION

I AM beginning to be a little bored by tales of freak reception. Not that I do not believe them, but much more marvellous things are in my experience, and yet I find difficulty in getting folk to believe me. The very next time a man tells me that, in his hotel in the Strand or the Haymarket, he has only to dip a pair of pliers in his water jug and hold the other on a lump of coal in the grate to hear ZLO perfectly, I shall out with my tale. "I was sitting outside a café in Paris almost under the Eiffel Tower, drinking a drop—yes, it was nothing stronger—when, to my amazement, my nose accidentally touching the glass, FL's time signals roared out with as much strength as I usually get them in London with two H.F. and a couple of power valves. That ought to close him down. I would think." — *Amateur Wireless*.

LOUD SPEAKER BEST?

IT is very easily found that the results of operating a loud speaker are by a long way the best, where no other means are used. For this reason it is that the loud speaker must be at least in the room, but is not usually in the room.

The writer has found that with a carefully chosen amplifier the results are even more pleasing to listen to than those of head telephones. — *Wireless Review*

HARDLY APPROPRIATE!

ONE of the most popular features of social life in the villages is the village club. It is a place where the men of the village meet to discuss the news of the day, to play cards, and to enjoy the company of their friends.

Usually the men do not take an active part in the case of a village club which arranges a special wireless concert. The local party opened the proceedings with a short address and after concluding with a prayer, switched on the set. A voice came through the loud speaker: "Oh, for a Night in Venice will be sung by Miss James Carey." — *Popular Wireless*.

IMPORTANT TO READERS.

"The Radio Times," the official organ of the British Broadcasting Company, Ltd., is a publication which contains all the programmes and the technical problems relating to their transmission.

Technical inquiries dealing with the reception of broadcast telephony, such as the types of sets to be employed, etc., etc., should NOT be addressed to "The Radio Times." Letters from Readers concerning the programmes and their transmission will be returned.

LETTERS FOR THE EDITOR should be addressed to "The Radio Times," 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. 2.
LETTERS FOR THE R.B.C. should be sent to 2, Savoy Hill, W.C. 2.

THE PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION to "The Radio Times" (including postage to any part of the world): SIX MONTHS, 6s. 6d.; TWELVE MONTHS, 12s. 6d.

Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., have prepared a handsome case in red and gold lettering for "The Radio Times" complete with cord down the middle of the publication. A dispensable to the listener during the programme and this is a new entry in a list of the side. I should make this to-day from an agent. It is published at 2s. 6d., or send address to cover postage for a case. Publisher 8-11 Southampton Street, London W.C. 2.

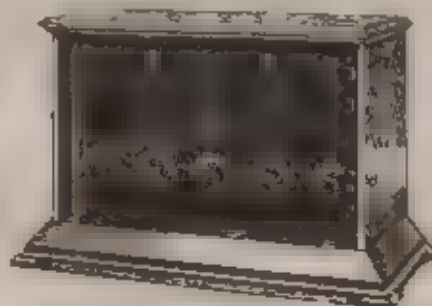
Readers who were unable to obtain the first numbers of this journal can now be supplied on sending Three Penny stamps for each copy to the Publisher, Venetia, Ltd., 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2.



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THE following is a summary of the conditions of the licence granted by the British Broadcasting Corporation to the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd. for the manufacture and sale of broadcasting apparatus in Great Britain.

The licence is granted for the use of the patents of the British Broadcasting Corporation in the manufacture and sale of broadcasting apparatus in Great Britain.

The licence is granted on the condition that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd. shall pay to the British Broadcasting Corporation a royalty of 10% of the net sales price of the apparatus manufactured and sold under the licence.

The licence is granted on the condition that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd. shall not grant any sub-licence to any other person for the manufacture and sale of broadcasting apparatus in Great Britain.

The licence is granted on the condition that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd. shall not use the name of the British Broadcasting Corporation in any advertisement or other publication.

The licence is granted on the condition that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd. shall not use the name of the British Broadcasting Corporation in any trade mark or other mark.

The licence is granted on the condition that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd. shall not use the name of the British Broadcasting Corporation in any other manner.

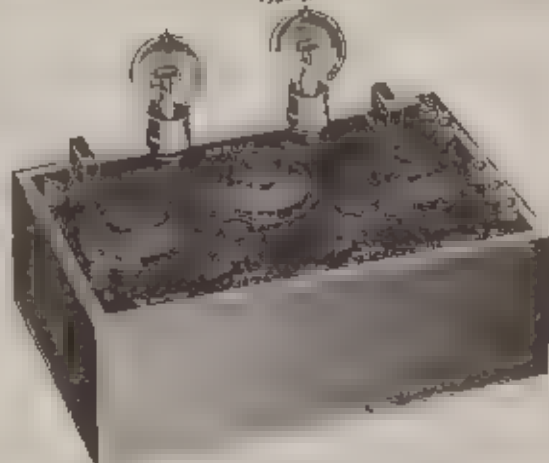
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(see announcement, page 158.)

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Nine Laws of Health.

(The following are extracts from a recent Broadcast talk from London, by Mr. A. Wallace Jones, the well known physical culture expert.)

HEALTH in the broad sense of that term means more than the physical condition, it involves the mental as well as the physical. If, then, we would get the desirable result, we must train each organ of the body to perform its functions properly.

Firstly, we must properly nourish the body; secondly, we must give it proper use. Nourishment and use are the two basic laws of our physical well-being. These can in turn be analysed into nine subsidiary laws, the first of which is—Right Thinking, because thought product is either a food or poison; positive (or right) thought is constructive, therefore a nourishing food.

Negative (or wrong) thought is destructive, therefore a poison to the body. The best way to get rid of the negative thoughts in the mind is to fill the mind so full of positive thoughts that there will be no room for the negative.

Water as Nourishment.

The second law of our physical well-being is—Right Breathing. Every disease that attacks us breaks through Nature's guard only when our vital resistance is lowered, and bad habits of breathing are responsible to a great extent for lowered vitality. We should live out of doors as much as possible.

We next come to the third law of our physical well-being—Drink Rightly.

Fully eighty per cent. of the human body is water. Men can live for days, or even weeks, without food, and perhaps not suffer injury; but the water supply must be renewed every few hours or disastrous consequences follow. Coming to the subject of when to drink, the best answer is—drink when thirsty. The best time to drink water is between meals.

Food and Exercise.

The fourth law of our physical well-being is Eat Rightly. The first thing is to eat only when the palate demands food. To eat what it demands, and to eat only as much as it demands.

The next thing is to masticate the food thoroughly, mixing it with the saliva until it is swallowed naturally. The first process of digestion takes place in the mouth.

The fifth law of our physical well-being, and one of the most important, is—Exercise Rightly. Exercise of the muscles has three functions:—First, it aids in distributing nourishment to the parts exercised. Second, exercise is necessary to the proper functioning of the organs of excretion and elimination.

We next come to the sixth law of our physical well-being—Cleanse Rightly. To do this we must first bathe, clean teeth, nails, and care for the clothing and shoes.

The seventh law is—Relax Rightly. This means that you must learn "to let go." Give the human engine a chance to rest. Lie down flat on your back and let loose every muscle. Now direct thought to each part of the body and see whether you find any strain. Somewhere, unless you have practised relaxation, you are almost sure to find tension—"let go."

The eighth law is—Recreate Rightly. To recreate means to re-create, to create again. During the day the strain of business wears down the tissues of the brain and body; when the day's work is over, have some clean fun.

The ninth law is—Sleep Rightly. The desire to sleep too much shows either that you do not sleep rightly or that your body is in an unhealthy condition and needs attention. Too little sleep impairs the vigour and clearness of the mind and undermines the nervous system.



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A Lot To Learn.

THE Sunday afternoon concert was being greatly enjoyed in a Sussex garden, when the new maid brought out the tea.

Mr. Joseph Farrington was singing eloquently to the evident awe of the maid, who regarded the "loud speaker" with open-mouthed astonishment, and asked, "Is this one of them gramophones, sir?"

"Oh, no, that is coming from London, and is picked up by those long wires you see outside," was the reply.

"And do the wires come down into the trumpet, sir?"

"Yes," I replied, "but the sounds have to go through those little lamps you have seen in the front room."

"Good gracious, sir," she said, "I thought them lights was for 'eating the room!'"

The Story of the Boys' Brigade.

A Talk By Their President.

(Extracts from a recent talk from Glasgow, by Col. John A. Macdunn, J.P., President of the Boys' Brigade.)

ON this, the fortieth anniversary of the Boys' Brigade, I am able to send a message to the officers and boys and old boys of the Brigade in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Forty years ago a young man enrolled a company of boys in the Mission Hall in North Woodside, Glasgow, and called them The Boys' Brigade. That young man, William Smith, and the little company formed by him as captain, and the Rev. Dr. John Reid as chaplain, has grown during those forty years into a great organization.

"Sure and Steadfast."

Sir William Smith, as he was later known, was secretary of the Free College Mission Sunday School in Glasgow, and he thought of the many boys who left Sunday School at the age of fourteen and for whom there existed no organization to help them during the most impressionable years of their lives. He conceived the idea that if these boys were brought under discipline, the task he had would be made easier and more effective, and the boys would acquire habits which would stand them in good stead throughout their entire lives. So the original company of the Boys' Brigade was formed, with its thirty eager boys; its motto, "Sure and Steadfast," and its object, "The advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys, and the promotion of habits of obedience, reverence, discipline, self-respect, and all that leads towards a true Christian manhood."

A Great National Movement.

The plan succeeded. Other companies quickly sprang up in Glasgow and throughout the kingdom, and within a few years it became a great national movement.

The religious aspect of the Brigade has been kept in the forefront. There is hardly a religious denomination in the country which has not connected with it a company, or companies, of the Boys' Brigade. The Brigade has no military object. Drill is used only as a means of organization to band the boys together and in order to develop among them such habits as it is the object of the Brigade to encourage. The activities of the Brigade include Bible class, drill, cricket, football, athletics, physical training, swimming, signalling, ambulance, bands, and clubrooms, and over 20,000 boys every year spend their summer holidays in the camps of the Brigade. In short, the aim of the Brigade is the cultivation of Christian character. The organization has increased, and the strength in this country is now over 90,000.

World-Wide Activities.

The Brigade has spread to lands across the sea, including Denmark, India, Africa, Australia, China, and several other more or less similar organizations, both for boys and girls, have been formed in more recent years.

As an intimate friend of the founder of the Brigade, I was familiar with the difficulties and the opposition he experienced at the beginning, and one cannot help admiring the courage and perseverance with which he held to his idea. In the world-wide organization for boys and girls to-day we see the outcome of his devoted and self-sacrificing life.

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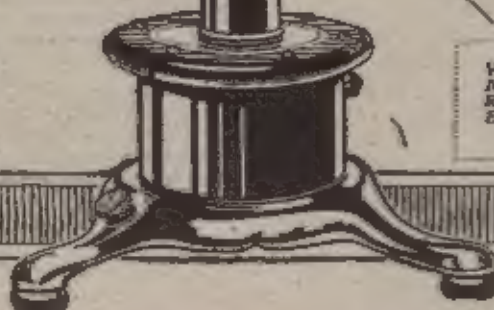
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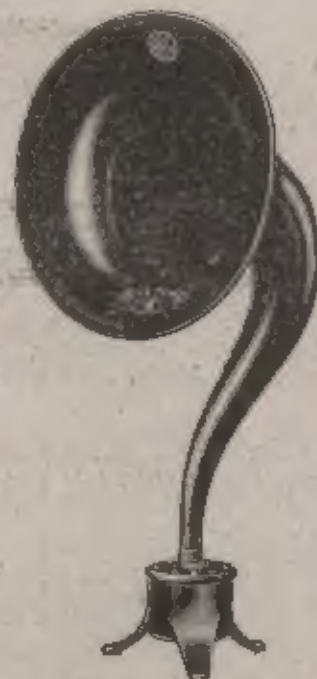
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